THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Published Aug. 6, 1821. HENRY PETERSON & CO., Publishers, No. 319 Walnut St., Philad'a. PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 14, 1867. Price $2.50 A Year, in Advance. Single Number 5 Cents. Whole Number Issued, 2497.

CONVALESCENT.

Emerald with moss, and purple with heather,
Gleams the broad moor to the red setting sun:
Love! let us sit 'midst the blossoms together;
Our work for the day, like the bees' task, is done.

Sweet, oh! how sweet, is the breath of the clover,
Breeze-borne from meadow-lands over the moor;
Sweeter, yet sweeter, the blossoms that cover
The turf at our feet, and the hedge-roses o'er.

Sweet is the face, thy chestnut curls under,
My bonny brown wife, and sweet are those eyes,
That, looking through mine with innocent wonder,
Bids love's sweet memories wake and arise.

Waking, arising, they clothe thee with beauty,
Dropping love-jewels, white pearls, on thy brow;
My leal, fair wife! thy nobly-done duty
Has hallowed affection, and strengthened its vow.

Thin have thy cheeks grown, my wild little blossom,
And weary the eyes that have watched my sick bed;
I cannot thank thee, true wife of my bosom—
God thank thee! God bless thee! oh darling, instead.

But I can love thee, all truly, for ever,
In health, and in sickness, as thou lovest me;
And keep me fast by thee, till life's rapid river
Has passed through death's straits, to eternity's sea.

Till that time comes, be it shorter or longer,
Though dark locks may whiten, and comely forms bow:
Thou know'st, and I know, our love will grow stronger,
And heart cling to heart, even closer than now.

Come; the broad moor, lately purple with heather,
Dons sombre grey for the night-parted sun:
Love! hand in hand, like two children together,
We will go home—our day labor is done.

LEX.

CARLYON'S YEAR.

By the author of "Lost Sir Massingberd," &c.

CHAPTER XIII.

HOW JOHN CARLYON BECAME A HERETIC.

With hesitation and evident reluctance, with his face averted from the listener, and at first hammering the daisy heads upon the lawn with the handle of his riding-whip, John Carlyon began:—

"My father, as no doubt you have heard, Miss Crawford, on all hands, was indeed a constant churchgoer, and he brought me up in the same path. There was no man more respected, although I do not think he was loved, in all this neighborhood. He not only never offended against the proprieties, but he was a steadfast upholder of them—what is called one of the safeguards of society. That was the general opinion of him to the day of his death; but it was a mistaken one. He was a hypocrite from first to last; his whole life was one huge lie."

"Mr. Carlyon!" exclaimed Agnes; "you make my blood run cold; not so much by what you say, which seems almost too terrible to be true, but at your manner of saying it."

"When, however, I first found out the truth, young lady, I was more moved than I am now. The student of anatomy faints at his introduction to the dissecting room; but, after a while, he ceases to shudder at its revelations. He sees what lies behind the velvet cheek of beauty, and the keen eye of wit, but it affects him little. He knows that with all humanity it is the same. He has his advantage over me in that respect. If I could think that behind the veil of religion, the cloak of respectability, the infidel and the debauchee were inwardly concealed, I should loathe my own father less; but I know there are honest folks in the world. I know that you, Agnes, are as pure as you look, as good as you seem. But this man, that was my own flesh and blood, to whom I owe my being, to whom I was bound by Nature herself to respect and honor—oh, spare me! I cannot bear to speak of it."

"Even a good man may err and give way to strong temptation," whispered Agnes; "yet if he repents—"

"This man did not repent," broke in Carlyon, almost fiercely. "He had nothing to repent of; for in his eyes nothing was sin, nothing was vice, nothing was wrong—unless it was found out. Then indeed he would have been sorry. He was a tyrant, and he broke my mother's heart. I will never forgive him that! She was beautiful, gentle, guileless as yourself, and he killed her. She prayed for him upon her death-bed, and he despised her prayer; I do believe that that was the bitterest drop she had to drain in the whole cup of her wretched married life. She made me promise not to tell him what I knew, and not to tell the world. I had to live on with this murderer for years, a participator in his acted lie, and hoodwinked, as he thought, like the rest. He deceived everybody,—yes, everybody—parson, people, neighbors, servants. Robin, at home, believes him to this day to have been the best of men. A tyrant and a libertine, he was yet reckoned the most pious man in Mellor parish. This was the sort of father, Agnes, from whom I learnt how to be religious."

"Mr. Carlyon," returned she, thoughtfully, after a long pause, "are you sure—are you quite sure, that in your great love for such a mother as you describe, and in your own tenderness of heart, you may not have taken sternness for cruelty?"

He shook his head impatiently.

"Some men," she went on, "not naturally cruel, I have known to be without tenderness of manner, even to those dearest to them; rugged and harsh even when their wives lay a-dying, and yet not heartless."

"No, girl, this man was not rugged. He knew how to frame tenderest words for ears that should have blushed to listen to them. Of some men, it is said, 'we never knew his worth until we lost him;' now *I* never knew how base a father I had got until he came to die."

"Ah! he confessed his sins, and the long catalogue appalled you!" exclaimed Agnes, clasping her hands. "You should thank God for that. Perhaps, in that last hour, all was forgiven him. No one can fathom the infinite depths of Divine mercy. Let us hope, let us pray, that he may have been preserved from that awful state of which he stood in dread."

"Nay, Agnes, we Carlyons have no fear," observed her companion, proudly.

"No fear!" echoed she, in scorn. "What! had this man, living, as you say, a lie, for fear of the opinion of his neighbors, no *fear?* Does cowardice, then, among infidels, solely consist in being afraid of the righteous judgments of God? If so, 'obtuseness with respect to their own anomalies and contradictions' is surely not entirely peculiar to religious people."

Carlyon bit his lip.

"It would surely be the rankest cowardice to be afraid of that in the existence of which one does not believe," said he, evasively. "The man I speak of died, laughing in his sleeve at the world he had cajoled. He had been a wanderer in many lands, and examined a hundred creeds, only to find one as worthless as another. His god was Self, and he had served him very faithfully. His last advice to me, his only son, was given when the grave was gaping for him: we were alone together, and he upon the sofa that was to be his death-bed, and he knew it; the very room has been hateful to me ever since. He bid me be like him; be serious and devout; affect the virtues that I had not, for the very vices' sake which they concealed. So should I live a life of ease and yet of dignity, and die with honor, troops of friends, and all the regard that accompanies the close of a life well spent. He would, as it were, have bequeathed me his very mantle of deceit, having no further occasion for it himself, like some poor conjuror, who teaches his tricks to his children while he lies a dying, as the best legacy he has to leave them."

"Mr. Carlyon, this is too horrible to be believed," gasped Agnes. "Nature does not permit of such a father. I have seen many death-beds, and when death is claiming us we are often not ourselves; the senses are disordered, the mind wanders; men impute to themselves sins which they have never committed."

"But not this man, Agnes. Do you suppose that I would not believe so if I could; that I have not exhausted every suggestion that could lighten this load which has so weighed down my life? No. He told me the truth at last. He left behind him only too ample corroboration of it. No one is so prudent that he can guard his memory after death. No man, who keeps a cheque-book, can dare say 'I do not keep a journal;' besides, there were letters that came for him long after he was lying in his grave—but why all this? You know his secret now, which I have hitherto preserved inviolate. Do you wonder that I loathe religion; that 'the very name of Nazarene is wormwood to my Paynim spleen,' and synonymous with all that is *false* and fair-seeming. That, from the instant that I found myself freed by this man's death from my promise to my mother, that I forsook his hypocritical ways and all belonging to them."

"I do not wonder, Mr. Carlyon," said Agnes, sorrowfully; "I do not even say (as others would), why doubt the genuineness of that thing of which you have only witnessed a fraudulent imitation. We are moulded, I know, by the iron force of circumstances—though not all of us. Your mother did not lose her faith in Heaven because your father had none?"

"My mother? No," answered Carlyon, in hushed and reverent tones.

"She was a Christian woman to the last?"

"She was an angel; to impute wrong to her would be to confuse wrong with right."

"And has the thought of her—of her long suffering patience, and forgiveness—never moved you towards the faith your father professed, but which she practised?"

"I have sometimes thought there should be an immortality for such as she; that so much goodness ought not surely to be allowed to perish. I have thought so lately of one other person also—of you, Agnes."

"Hush, sir, hush! I am very different from this saint in heaven. If she had lived, I cannot but think her love, her teaching, her example, would have won you to her creed, as to herself. You felt better—happier—when you were in her presence, did you not?"

"Yes, I did," replied Carlyon, eagerly; "as I feel when I am in yours. Yes, Agnes,—do not shrink from me; I will do my best—only I will not lie—to learn better things of you. Will you teach me, even although I do not promise to learn?"

He looked up in her face for the first time, while she, the heretofore questioner, drooped her eyelids, and a fire burnt in her cheeks.

"Can you not take compassion upon me, even though I am a heretic?" urged he with tenderness; but she heard him not.

"If any man love not the Lord, let him be anathema maranatha," were the words which she seemed to hear.

"Go to some wise and holy man," said she, in a faint voice.

"To, Mr. Pace?" asked he; "or to whom? No, I shall sit at the feet of this Gemaliel, Agnes Crawford, or of none. I love you with all my heart; nay, I can well believe—so wondrous is the change through all my being—with all my soul. I seem to have another life beyond myself, and if that be my soul, it is you who are its keeper, for to you it flies. Will you be my teacher? Will you be my wife? one word, one 'yes,' will answer both questions." But there came no answer. He could not even read one in her face, for it was hidden in her hands. She was speaking, though her speech was inarticulate, but not to him.

"I know you will never marry—an infidel," said he, slowly.

"Never, never," answered she, with eagerness. It is quite a relief to her to get so categorical a question, and one to which she could so unhesitatingly reply.

"Yet you will not reject my—proposition; you will not refuse to afford me an opportunity of being convinced?"

"I cannot say," murmured she: "I must have time, Mr. Carlyon, to think of this. Do not press me for your answer—that is, just now. In your presence, I cannot—I must be alone," added she, hurriedly. "I must ask guidance."

"I venture to think," interrupted Carlyon, respectfully, "that your father will be no obstruction."

Her face flushed from brow to chin.

"I was not referring to my father," said she, coldly.

"I trust," returned he, earnestly, "I have not been too bold—not said too much and too soon. Pardon me, Agnes; do not let the greatness of my love be the cause of my undoing. If my presence is an embarrassment to you, you will write, perhaps?"

"Yes, I will write!" exclaimed she, eagerly; "to night, to-morrow. It will be better so."

He rose at once and took her hand in his.

"Whatever you may so write, Agnes," said he, slowly, "will be my law. If you decide against me, to have nothing to do with this wicked person, to avoid the touching of pitch, lest even your pure soul may be defiled, I shall understand it. It will be unnecessary to state reasons. The one word 'no' will suffice; I had rather that you wrote nothing more. I will never trouble you again. I shall have turned my back on Paradise for ever. But if—if you think within yourself that I may be won to what you deem the right—mind, I do not say it is even probable, for I will not use lies to gain Heaven itself—and if won, that you might, in time, even stoop to love me, I shall understand that also, by one word, 'yes.'"

What would he not have given to have touched her white brow with his lips, as she stood close beside him, downcast, thoughtful, with her snow cold hand in his! It was not because every window, for all that he knew, might have had its watcher, or because her cousin was playing the spy as usual, upon yonder terrace, that Carlyon did not do so. It was not for fear of *them*, that, having raised those fingers midway to his lips, he let them fall again, and turned away in silence, while Red Berild followed, docile, with a hasty farewell crop at the county grass. To have kissed her would have been very sweet, but it might have demanded its dread memories for years.

Heavy of heart, the strong man took the road from Greyerags homewards; while his good horse pressing his great nose against his hand, strove vainly to give his master comfort.

Agnes remained standing in her place, deep sunk in thought, till a book fell heavily upon the terrace-walk, and a well-known step began to descend the hill; then, at its first foot-fall, she started from her reverie and hastening in, sought her own chamber, where she remained for hours.

Her mind was torn with antagonistic emotions. She would never marry an unbeliever, that was certain; to that she clung, and reverted to it again and again; it was her sheet-anchor in the storm. But had she not grown to love one? Was she not paltering with her own conscience in this matter? and even with still more sacred things? Did she honestly believe herself to be a bearer of God's message to those unwilling ears; or was not her strong desire to convert the Skeptic, alloyed with a wish to win the Man? Agnes Crawford was not a student of Pope, or she might almost have applied to herself, the self-accusation of Eloïsa—

> E'en then to those dread altars as I drew,
> Not on the cross my eyes were fixed, but you;
> Not Grace nor zeal, Love only was my call,
> And if I lose thy love I lose my all.

Hour after hour passed by; the luncheon bell rang, but she took no heed: but, late in the afternoon, a knock came to her chamber door, and a voice in mocking tones, (or what, perhaps, she fancifully imagined to be so,) reached her through the key-hole, saying,

"Missie Agnes, you are wanted in the parlor; Mrs. Newman's come, and wish to see you very particklar."

"Mr. Carlyon's sister!" murmured Agnes to herself, while a sudden pain seemed to shoot through her heart; "why should *she* come here?" But she answered, in her usual firm, clear tones, "Very well, Cubra; tell her I will be down directly."

CHAPTER XIV.

MRS. NEWMAN'S ACT OF CHARITY.

It is not to be supposed that Carlyon's visits to Greyerags passed without notice among the good folks of Mellor. The appetite of that small community for gossip was absolutely insatiable; it was quite a trade with more than one respectable female to make it, and even to invent the materials. So that when a subject for it was found, that could be relied upon as fact, good solid substratum, for all sorts of scandal, the public satisfaction was unbounded. But not in all cases the private. Mrs. Newman, of Mellor Lodge—a place that had been once termed the Priory, but it was not to be supposed that so good a Protestant would call her residence by *that* name,—was by no means pleased with the reports that reached her from all quarters concerning her brother's proceedings. She had long "washed her hands of him," in a spiritual sense; she had excommunicated him in an almost episcopal manner, by throwing her hands up and shutting her eyes, at solemn conclave over many a tea-table: but she had never shut her eyes to his property, which was entirely at his own disposal. She anticipated with confidence the reversion of Woodlees for herself and Jed, (short and loving for Jedediah,) her son, when its present unworthy occupant should be—elsewhere; for Carlyon was her senior by five years. It was astonishing with what calmness and fortitude this excellent woman reflected upon the future fate—the terrors which she honestly believed to be in store—for so near a relative. Upon one occasion, while discoursing upon this particular topic, which was a very favorite one with her, she was rebuked by no less a person than the archdeacon of the diocese. For archdeacons, as such, she had no great reverence; but this one happened to be own nephew to my Lord Dimcy, and she had that admiration for noble birth which supplies the place of such a multitude of other virtues in minds like hers. He bade her not to make too sure of the eternity of the torments of the wicked, and explained to her the doubts entertained by the learned of the literal meaning of the Greek word translated forever. "Not," added he, with a benignant smile, "that that much alters matters; for the duration signified doubtless extends to millions and millions of years."

"That is *some* comfort," quoth Mrs. Newman, cheerfully, and with sigh of relief.

But, notwithstanding this opinion of Carlyon's deserts, she had always counted upon his leaving Woodlees and the rest of his property to his own flesh and blood. Not to provide for one's family is (as is well-known) to be worse than an infidel, and Meg had never thought worse of brother John than *that*. Yet, lo! at an age when he might be supposed to have almost escaped the perils of matrimony, here was he visiting Greyerags daily, with a motive that it was easy to guess at. Jedediah, indeed, who was of a frank and open nature, even for eighteen, alluded to it one morning at breakfast in the following terms:

"I say, mother! Uncle John is after that gal at Greyerags—Miss What-d'ye-call-um—Crawford."

"Seeking to ally himself matrimonially with that young woman, Jed? Impossible!"

"Glad you think so," answered Jedediah, gruffly, and filling his mouth with muffin; he was rather gluttonous in his habits, and also a good deal spoilt. If his mother was stern to others, she was not so with him; he had always done as he liked from his childhood, and he had generally liked what was not good for him. He was vicious beyond what she had any suspicion of, and his good-nature was of the sort that only lasts so long as its proprietor is pleased. Mrs. Newman was getting, as all such mothers do in time, a little afraid of her darling son.

"You needn't be cross, Jedediah," said she, quietly; "I was only asking for information. The affairs of this world have, I am thankful to say, no great interest in my eyes, and those who know me do not much trouble me with them. I have, however, heard a rumor of what you speak of, although I have never suspected anything serious in it. I am not of a suspicious nature, Jed."

"Ah," said the young man, dryly—so dryly, indeed, that the tone would have suited "Bah" equally well. "I wish for my sake, then, if not for your own, that you'd just look alive and put a stop to it. It's a most disgraceful thing. Why, if uncle marries, there may be a whole kit of children, and then what becomes of those alterations that you are always talking about making when we come into Woodlees?"

Between Mrs. Newman and her brother, although their characters, and therefore the expression of their countenances were so different, there was a considerable personal resemblance. Although she did not dress becomingly, and indeed, wore clothes of a texture much inferior to what is usual with women of her social position, and wore them threadbare, she always looked a lady; but when annoyed, her thin lips shut together unpleasantly close; her fine blue eyes seemed to harden, and she sniffed like the war-horse that scents the battle, only of course in a lower key. There had been a passage of arms between herself and Jedediah that morning in reference to a scarcity of marmalade at the breakfast table, and he had carried his point and got a new pot. This had given her real pain, as extravagance always did. There were still a few stale strips sticking to the little glass dish, and she would have liked to have seen them eaten before being driven to the preserve cupboard for a fresh supply. Jed had even taunted her, at the height of the discussion, with those prudential habits which her enemies (for the good lady *had* enemies) denominated parsimoniousness, and when she had replied, "Ungrateful boy, it is only for you I save," he had replied, "It is for *me*, then, that I require some fresh marmalade."

He had taken butter, as well as that costly sweetmeat, with his muffin, on purpose to vex his parent, and had effected his object; and now he was choosing a subject of conversation very ill adapted to give her peace of mind. The relations said to be established between her brother and Miss Crawford were by no means a matter of such indifference to her as she professed. In fact, she had thought of little else from the first moment the rumor had reached her ears; but she had endeavored to shut her eyes to the full extent of the danger; it was very objectionable to have it brought *before* her in this inexorable manner, and she sniffed disapproval audibly.

"Yes, I know you don't like it," observed Jedediah, in reference to this signal; "but it is time to look matters in the face."

"What would you have me do, Jedediah?"

"Well, I'm sure I don't know; she is one of your own sort, this girl, and you ought to be able to stop it somehow. I only know this, that Uncle John is said to be getting on in that quarter uncommonly fast, and the sooner you set about putting a spoke in his wheel the better."

"I shall certainly consider it my duty," said Mrs. Newman, slowly, "to hint to this young lady at the injurious reports that are in circulation respecting her; she cannot surely be aware of the peculiar opinions entertained by your unhappy uncle."

"She is probably aware that he is sweet upon her, and has a good two thousand a year," observed the practical Jedediah.

"No, Jed; I will not think so ill of any young person of religious principles as to suppose she is actuated by sordid motives."

"Bah!" exclaimed Jedediah, this time with a most unmistakable B. It was rude, but not altogether inexcusable. From the day from which dated one of the boy's earliest but strongest recollections, when his deceased parent had been carried to his long home in a coffin made out of an ancient piano-case (some enemies of the thrifty widow averred that it was too short for him, and that he had been decapitated to suit its dimensions), up to the present hour, when that stale marmalade had been almost foisted upon his reluctant palate, he had been familiar with the sordid devices of at least one saint, and had learnt to suspect them all. Yet singularly enough, while mistrusting the genuineness of the profession of those among whom his lot was cast, this young man had imbibed their prejudices, and though greatly inclined to vice, was as intolerant of error as Mrs. Newman herself. It was an unspeakable comfort to her to reflect, that although boys would be boys, and you could not put old heads upon young shoulders (this in allusion to some of Jed's peccadilloes which occasionally reached her ears), her Jedediah was a young man of the most excellent principles. For the rest, he was a very handsome young fellow, (except for a certain coarseness about the mouth, which it did not need a Lavater to translate,) and there was no wonder that his mother was proud of him. Moreover, he was a sensible fellow, after a fashion—what Mr. Carlyle and the vulgar are both agreed to call "knowing"—and she did not despise his blunt but practical utterances.

Nothing more passed between them on the present occasion; their sparring—in which the hitting was all on one side—often ended in that manner; but the force of Jedediah's observations, backed as they were by Mrs. Newman's own secret misgivings, was not lost. She had made up her mind to follow his advice in respect to that peril so imminently impending at Greyerags, but in the meantime she did not neglect her usual precautions in the smaller matters of domestic economy. When her Jed

had lounged out of the room to have his pipe in the stable—for the time had not yet come when he should rule the house and take his narcotic therein—she looked up the tea and sugar, and having scraped up the old marmalade and mixed it with the new, made a faint mark with her pencil outside the pot exactly at its highest level. Then she descended to the kitchen, discovered that there were sufficient bones and *debris* left from past meals to make excellent soup, without getting in fresh stock, as recommended by that extravagant hussy, the cook; sniffed violently in the larder over the carcase of a fowl, which did not appear to have so many legs as it ought to have had. "Mr. Jedediah had had *both* broiled for his yesterday's breakfast," said the hussy. "I only saw *one*," said her mistress.

She shook her head when the kitchen-maid demanded another box of lucifer matches.

"How dare you require so many lucifer matches in the summer?" inquired she, as though, during that season, the kitchen-fire might be lighted by a burning-glass. "What is the use of my having that admirable proverb hung over the dresser?" and she pointed to the spot upon the whited wall where "*Waste not, want not*" was inscribed upon a scroll, not in the illegible high church fashion, but in such a manner that one who roasts might read.

Next she dived into the pantry and delivered to the astonished foot-page—the last of a long, but short-lived line of foot-pages—a lecture upon the use and abuse of plate-powder, with a few remarks upon the pecuniary penalties that await breakage in all well-conducted establishments. After which, ascending noiselessly to the upper regions, she came upon two housemaids making a bed and giggling, to whom she promptly issued a couple of tracts, entitled "The Crackling of Thorns; or, How Anna Thema and Marion Arthur were made to laugh on the other side of their Mouths," with one (practical) illustration.

After thus performing the duties of a diligent mistress, she sat down at her desk, with a mind relieved of all lesser cares, and free to be concentrated upon the important subject forced upon her notice by Jedediah. Even then her habitual prudence and attention to minute affairs did not desert her; instead of spoiling half-a-dozen sheets of Bath post, as some persons do, who have a letter of difficult composition before them, she selected some waifs and strays of paper, backs of envelopes, and blank spaces at the foot of bills, and thus proceeded to concoct a letter on almost as many surfaces as the Sybil inscribed her oracles. "Dear madam," it began; then "Madam;" then "My Christian friend;" and once—but that she tore up into small pieces as soon as written, and sniffed so that she blew them all about the room—"My dear Miss Crawford."

She was still hanging over "My Christian Friend"—on the blue lines of a butcher's bill—like a poet in search of an impossible rhyme, when a shrill voice suddenly interrupted her with "Please, mum, the gardener's wife is a-waitin' for her bonnet."

"You wicked boy," cried she, starting to her feet; "how dare you enter the room without knocking?" and, with that, as if to apply the mnemonical system of association of ideas, she smartly slapped his cheeks. "Tell her to come up; that is, in a minute or two."

The page retired drooping, dogs' eared. Mrs. Newman instantly sought her own apartment, and opening the door of its hanging wardrobe, took from it a faded old summer bonnet, looking like an autumn leaf.

"I've promised it to the woman," mused she, regretfully; "and I suppose I must give it her. And yet it looks almost as good as new. I am sure I might have had another season's wear out of it."

She gazed at the yellow bonnet-strings which had once been white, with lingering fondness.

"Well, I'll cut off the trimming, at all events; that is quite unsuited to a person in her station of life."

Suiting the action to the word, she regarded the mutilated article of apparel with some approach to resignation.

"There," said she; "the wires are all in shape. She could not have got such a bonnet, as that, if it was new, under fifteen shillings. Fifteen shillings," she repeated, very slowly, as though she were reluctantly counting down the money, coin by coin. "That is a very large sum to give away. I think I'll tell her to call again some other time—but then I've done that twice already. How weak it was of me to promise it to her. How foolishly impulsive I am."

The mirror of the hanging wardrobe before which she stood did not reflect the features which are generally considered indicative of an impulsive character. The pinched-up mouth, the greedy eyes, the fingers clutching tightly at the threatened treasure, would have furnished a study for any painter who wished to symbolize genteel greed. But presently the thin lips straightened themselves into a really pleasant smile, the eyes softened and even twinkled, and the white hand carried its burthen of frail rubbish with a grace. She had thought of a plan to keep her word, and yet not lose her bonnet, or at least her bonnet's worth.

"Well, Mrs. Jones," exclaimed she, with cheerfulness, as she entered the drawing-room, "you see I have brought your bonnet."

It was very necessary to say this. For Mrs. Jones, a delicate nipped-up looking woman, who had had half-a-dozen more children than was good for her, regarded the object dangling from her mistress's fingers with considerable embarrassment. Could that wretched, half-stripped thing be the long-promised gift which she had already applied for to its unwilling donor twice in vain? It was no more a bonnet than a skeleton is a man!

But all of us are not in a condition of life to express our genuine sentiments; it is not so easy to be honest and straightforward as gentlemen of "culture" and independent means, who write philosophic leaders in reviews and newspapers, are apt to imagine. People who live by hard work, and have little ones to support, cannot afford to lose their places; but must be humble and obedient to their masters (and mistresses) in a sense beyond that which (I hope) the Church Catechism contemplates. Thus, Mrs. Jones, the gardener's wife, bethinking herself of those near and dear to her, resisted the temptation of saying, "Where is the bonnet?" and dropped a curtsey before its *simulacrum*. Perhaps the expression of her mistress' face, beaming with conscious benevolence, persuaded her for the moment that the thing was really of some value, and induced her to murmur, "Thank ye, mum."

"I thought you would be pleased, Mrs. Jones," returned the lady, still maintaining her hold upon the article in question. "It will make a very nice bonnet after a little looking to."

Whatever this mysterious process of observation might have implied, the very mention of it seemed to enhance the value of that with which Mrs. Newman was about to part. "Now mind," she continued, "I don't wish to make a bargain with you, Mrs. Jones, for this is a free gift. A promise is a promise, and you shall have it whether or no."

Here the thing changed hands, and its late proprietress uttered such a sigh as only escapes from one who has resisted a great temptation. "It's your wedding day, is it not, Mrs. Jones?"

"Yes, mum, it be; it is twenty year come this very day that me and my husband have lived together, and a many crosses we have had, and its been a hard job all along to make both ends meet, but we *do* make 'em, thank God!"

"Very good, and very right; it's a pleasure to hear you say so, Mrs. Jones; and now, I dare say, you have a nice little dinner to-day—a leg of pork, or a bit of beef, perhaps—about one o'clock."

"Yes, ma'am, thank you, mum, we *are* got a leg of mutton, although it is not every day as we sees even bacon, far less butcher's meat—"

"Just so," interrupted Mrs. Newman, with one of her sweet smiles; "and you will have no stint of potatoes, for your husband has permission to take as many as he pleases for his own use out of the garden."

"Yes, mum; that was considered in his wages."

But Mrs. Newman went smiling on as though no such remark had been interpolated.

"Now, what I was going to say, Mrs. Jones, was, that if you find the leg of mutton more than you require, one o'clock being my luncheon hour, if you choose to send a nice hot slice, with a few potatoes, between two plates—mind, I say if you have lots to spare, and I don't want to put it as any return for the bonnet, (which, indeed, is ridiculous, for that was a very costly article)—I shall be very much obliged to you—there."

And Mrs. Newman smiled and nodded, and pointed towards the door, as though to preclude all expressions of gratitude upon the part of the gardener's wife, and really looked so lady-like and pleasant, that poor Mrs. Jones retired like one in a dream, doubtful whether she could have heard aright. But before she reached the bottom of the stairs, her doubts were resolved, for a sweet voice called softly to her over the bannisters,—

"Let the potatoes be fried, Mrs. Jones, if it is all the same to you; and don't trouble yourself about the pepper and salt, for I don't wish to put you to expenses." (TO BE CONTINUED)

Stereotype Plates.

Apropos of stereotype plates, it was thought, and great boast was made of it, when stereotyping first came up, that by this process of transforming, in a manner, the movable types into one solid plate, errors of the press would be done away with, and lasting correctness insured. Publishers who stereotyped invariably proclaimed that fact on their title pages, and the words "stereotyped edition" were regarded as a guarantee for accuracy. Never was there a greater delusion, though many years elapsed before the delusion was exposed. It was found that stereotyping perpetuated blunders, and that the difficulty of correcting the plates was far greater than that of altering the movable types. It was found, also, that the plates were so liable to accident and slight fractures in working that the maintenance of perfect accuracy, in even a single sheet, was the exception, and not the rule.

At first all important works were stereotyped, notably Bibles, lexicons, commentaries, and the Greek and Roman and English classics, while works of a lighter kind were printed from the type. The experience of years has led to a complete reversal of the rule. If publishers stereotype now, they never state that fact on their title-pages. The Bible printers find it more politic to keep the whole Bible standing in type, serious as is the expense, than to stereotype it; and all works of an important class are now printed from the type. At the same time stereotyping abounds more than ever, and is one of the chief means by which our low-priced literature is so widely diffused. All the penny periodicals are stereotyped, so are nearly all our daily, and several of our weekly newspapers; and so essential has the process become to the rapid and wide diffusion of the popular literature, that without it fully one-half of the circulation of our most popular journals and serials would have to be given up.

There was a time when correctness in printing was held in far higher estimation that it is at the present day. The Elzevirs, it is said, affixed their proof-sheets to the doors of the colleges and universities, and offered a golden premium for the discovery of an error, however trifling. The Dutch, the French, the Italians employed as printers' readers professors and philologers of the highest standing, and some of their printers would cancel a sheet for the sake of the slightest flaw, or even suppress an entire volume rather than give currency to inaccurate work. We have altered all that: we have improved our technical process to a degree of perfection inconceivable by the old printers; but we have thrust the scholar out of the printing-office, and have cast the responsibility of correctness, in so far as scholarship is concerned, upon the author, who, sooth to say, is apt to be exceedingly remiss where, in justice to himself, he should exercise the greatest care.—*London Leisure Hour.*

☞ When cock-fighting was in fashion, a gentleman having a match in the country gave two cocks in charge to his Irish servant to carry down. Pat put them together in a bag, on opening which on his arrival he was not a little surprised to find one of them dead and the other terribly wounded. Being scolded by his master for putting them into the same bag, he said he did not think there was any danger of their hurting each other, as they were going to fight on the same side.

☞ Between Memphis and Nashville is the following inscription on a sign-board at a railroad crossing: "Look out for the Ingine when the wisle blows or rings."

☞ Speaking of the young lady who was robbed of a thousand dollars' worth of jewelry at Lexington, a sober old gent of our acquaintance remarked that he supposed that she could live without it, but she must suffer terribly!

☞ A coquettish vehicle called the "Exclusive," is now the fashion in Paris, having been introduced there by a Boston lady. There is just room in it for the occupant and her skirts.

☞ A malicious correspondent tells of a young lady at one of the watering places who has been nineteen for five seasons.

SATURDAY EVENING POST.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, SEP'R 14, 1867.

NOTICE.—We do not return rejected manuscripts, unless they come from our regular correspondents. Any postage stamps sent for such return will be confiscated. We will not be responsible for the safe keeping or return of any manuscript.

OUR NOVELETS.

We commenced on July 27th, a new and fascinating novelet, called

CARLYON'S YEAR.

By the author of "Lost Sir Massingberd."

Our readers who remember that powerful and peculiar story, "Lost Sir Massingberd," will need no persuasion to induce them to read "Carlyon's Year"—the interest of which, they will perceive, commences in the very first chapter.

Back numbers to May 4th, containing the whole of the powerful novelet of "Lord Ulswater," can be had upon application.

We can also supply a few back numbers to the first of the year.

Wives of Poets

The married life of Sir Walter Scott was a happy one. When on a tour to the English lakes in July, 1797, he first met the young lady who was destined to be his future wife. Her name was Charlotte Margaret Charpentier. She was the daughter of a French emigrant Royalist, and was at the time living in the family of Lord Downshire. Without the features of a regular beauty, Margaret Charpentier was rich in personal attractions—a complexion of clear olive, large brown eyes, deep-set and dazzling, a profusion of tresses black as the raven's wing, and with that arch and gay address which is so characteristic of the Frenchwoman. Scott fell in love with her at once, and rested not until he had married her, which was about six months after their first meeting. Mrs. Scott was a woman of good sense, though confessedly fond of "anything stylish." The happy young pair retired to a sweet little cottage at the pretty village of Lasswade, about six miles from Edinburg, where they spent several happy summers. From thence they removed to Ashiestiel, thence to Abbotsford, where at first the family, says Sir Walter, realized "the nursery tale of the man and his wife who lived in a vinegar-bottle, for our only sitting-room is just twelve feet square, and my Eve alleges I am too big for our Paradise." But the dimensions of Abbotsford increased to the extent of a lordly place. There Mrs. Scott shared his prosperity; and when adverse fortune came on him, she also shared his sorrow. Then it was, indeed, that her noble nature truly revealed itself. She bore up under the crushing calamity of that house—all but ruined—was cheerful, frugal, hopeful, and, like her husband, untiring in her industry. Without a murmur, she gave up all the luxuries she had valued and come to regard as almost indispensable. But she did not live long after this event, a fatal disease having seized her and carried her off. She died in May, 1826.

Southey, Coleridge, and Lovell, three poets, married three sisters, the Misses Fricker, of Bristol. They were all alike poor when they married. Southey's aunt shut her door in his face when she found he was resolved on marrying in such circumstances; and he, postponing entry upon the married life, though he had contracted the responsibility of husband, parted from his wife at the church door, and set out on a six months' visit to Portugal, preparatory to entering on the study of the legal profession. Southey committed his wife to the care of Mr. Cottle's sisters during his absence. "Should I perish by shipwreck," he wrote from Falmouth to Mr. Cottle, "or by any other casualty, I have relations whose prejudice will yield to the anguish of affection, and who will love, cherish, and give all possible consolation to my widow." With these words, Southey set sail for Portugal, and his wife, who had persuaded him to go, and cried when he was going, though she would not then have permitted him to stay, meekly retired to her place of refuge. Southey returned to England, and commenced the study of law, but after a year's drudgery gave it up. His wife joined him in a second visit to Portugal, and on his return he commenced the laborious literary career which he pursued till his death. He enjoyed, on the whole, a happy married life; took pleasure in his home and his family, loving his children and his wife Edith dearly. But a sad calamity fell upon him in his old age. His dear Edith was suddenly bereft of reason. "Forty years," he writes to Grosvenor Bedford from York, "has she been the life of my life—and I have left her this day in a lunatic asylum." In the same letter he expresses the resignation of a Christian and the confident courage of a man. "God, who has visited me with this affliction," he says, "has given me strength to bear it, and will *I know*, support me to the end, whatever that may be. To-morrow I return to my poor children. I have much to be thankful for under this visitation. For the first time in my life," (he was sixty years old,) "I am so far beforehand with the world that my means are provided for the whole of next year, and that I can meet this expenditure, considerable in itself, without any difficulty."

Mrs. Southey, after two years' absence, returned to Keswick, the family home, and closed her pitiable existence there. Southey was now a broken-down man. "There is no one," he mournfully writes, "to partake with me the recollections of the best and happiest portion of my life; and for that reason, were there no other, such recollections must henceforth be purely painful, except when I connect them with the prospects of futurity."

Two years after, however, Southey married again. The marriage was one of respect on the part of Caroline Bowles, the gifted authoress, who was his choice, and probably of convenience and friendship on the part of Southey. We have heard that the union greatly tended to his comfort, and that his wife tenderly soothed and cheered his declining years.

Southey, in addition to maintaining his own wife and family at Keswick by his literary labors, had the families of his two sisters-in-law occasionally thrown upon his hands.

He was not two-and-twenty when Mr. Lovell, who married his wife's sister, fell ill of fever, died, and left his widow and child without the slightest provision. Robert Southey took mother and child at once to his humble hearth, and there the former found happiness until his death. Coleridge, not sufficiently instructed by a genius to which his contemporaries did homage, in a wayward and unpardonable mood withdrew himself from the consolations of home; and in their hour of desertion his wife and children were saved half the knowledge of their hardships by finding a second husband and another father in the sanctuary provided for them by Robert Southey.

Coleridge was unpunctual, unbusiness like, improvident and dreamy, to the full extent to which poets are said proverbially to be. When he married—his lectures at Bristol having proved a failure—he retired with Sara, his wife, to a cottage at Clevedon, near Bristol. Though the cottage was a poor one, consisting of little more than four bare walls, for which he paid only £5 annual rental, he and his wife made it pretty snug with the aid of the funds supplied by their constant friend, Mr. Cottle, the Bristol bookseller. Coleridge decorated this little cottage with all the graces that his imagination and fancy could throw around it.

But writing poetry would not make the poet's pot boil at all briskly, and so he had to go a little nearer to the world, and went back to Bristol. Coleridge, however, wanted application, and could scarcely be induced to work, even though the prospect of liberal remuneration was offered to him. Hence, a few years after marriage, in July, 1796, we find him thus groaning in the spirit to a friend: "So I am forced to write for bread! with the flights of poetic enthusiasm, when every minute I am hearing a groan from my wife—groans, and complaints, and sickness! The present hour I am in a quicksset of embarrassments, and which-ever way I turn a thorn runs into me! The future is a cloud and thick darkness! Poverty, perhaps, and the thin faces of them that want bread looking up to me," &c. This was not the kind of spirit to make a wife happy—very different, indeed, from the manly, courageous and self-helping Southey—and the poor wife suffered much. Whatever Coleridge touched failed; his fourpenny paper, the *Watchman*, was an abortion; and the verses he wrote for a London paper did little for him. He next preached for a short time among the Unitarians, deriving a very precarious living from that source; when at length the Messrs. Wedgwood, struck by his talents, granted him an annuity of £150 to enable him to devote himself to study. Then he went to Germany, leaving his wife and little family to the hospitality of Southey; and returned and settled down to the precarious life of a writer for the newspapers; his eloquent conversation producing unbounded admiration, but very little "grist." He was often distressed for money, wasting what he had by indulgence in opium, to which he was at one time a fearful victim. We fear that the life of Mrs. Coleridge was not a happy one, good and affectionate though she was as a wife and mother.

The Amnesty Proclamation.

It is understood that upon the consideration of the proposed amnesty proclamation this afternoon (the 6th) the members of the Cabinet were unanimous, both as to the propriety of at once issuing it and as to its precise terms and scope. It is to include all persons complicated in any manner in the late rebellion, except certain classes of leading men and those against whom proceedings are pending in the regular courts of the United States. Of course, the proclamation will not extend to persons guilty of offences other than those legitimately pertaining to the belligerent attitude of the southern states during the war. All the members of the Cabinet were present, except Mr Stanberry and General Grant, who was ill, but it is believed he would have been in union with his colleagues had he been present. The proclamation will probably be issued on Monday.

It is also understood that it is the opinion of every member of the Cabinet present to-day that, under the Constitution, the legal effect of the proclamation will be to relieve those persons included within its terms from all disqualifications and penalties incurred by reason of complicity in rebellion, and of course, so far as the action of the General Government is concerned, from disability as to the exercise of the right of suffrage.—*Correspondence of Phila. Ledger.*

☞ The Turkish Sultan, on his recent visit to England, astonished the English people with his liberal views on Christianity. The English Primate, in a speech lately made at Maidstone, said: "You all know the Sultan has been here lately, the enemy, or supposed enemy, of Christianity. I was informed by the Prince of Wales, a few days ago, that, in answer to an entreaty to him to protect his Christian subjects, the Sultan's answer was—and a most remarkable one—'I will not only protect my Christian subjects, but I will protect Christianity.' I think that a most remarkable answer."

☞ The Cuba Cable, it is announced, is now nearly completed, notwithstanding the disheartening and almost constantly recurring obstacles of storm and disease. No despatches are received from Havana as yet, owing to the interference of Captain-General Manzano, who, probably on account of the unsettled state of political matters in Cuba, has prohibited the transmission of news and despatches for the present.

☞ The Democrats have carried the State Legislature of California, and the municipal tickets, by increasing majorities. Haight's (Dem.) majority for Governor will reach 8 000. The Union state ticket is defeated, including probably the three Congressmen.

☞ Father Taylor, when asked, "Why haven't you been made a doctor of divinity?" usually answers, "I suppose it is because my divinity has never been sick."

☞ They mean to raise tall students out in Wisconsin. An exchange paper says:—"Its Board of Education has resolved to erect a building large enough to accommodate five hundred students, three stories high."

☞ "How did Ralph Waldo Emerson please your people?" asked a lecturer last winter of the President of a Young Men's Association in a village not far west of the Mississippi. "Moderately fair, sir," responded the functionary; "he did not draw so good a house as some other lecturers, and we didn't expect he would; *but we think that sort of people ought to be encouraged.*"

The Patent Tooth-Powder Man.

A few nights ago, an itinerant vender of a harmless compound of lily white and the essence of lavender, mounted a dry goods box on the corner of Pearl and State streets, and spreading out before him an open valise stuffed with small bottles, done up in fancy papers, began to sell to a large and appreciative audience that miraculous white-wash known to the pharmacopia of the American quack as Swindle & Humbug's celebrated Scandinavian Toothpowder, warranted to polish every description of ivory, down to the molar teeth of a superannuated omnibus horse, at the democratic sum of twenty-five cents per bottle.

The vender of this truly wonderful gum soap was in high voice and spirits, sang several mellifluous ballads, played on the banjo, and the dilapidated fractional currency poured in upon him like a spring freshet.

He remarked a great many funny things, astonishing

The gaping rustics ranged around,
With words of learned strength and thundering sound.
And still they gazed, and still the wonder grew,
That one small head could carry all he knew.

"Feller citizens," observed he, "I don't look much like a rich man, but I am making more money than fifteen-twentieths of you put together. I was raised to this profession, and I understand it as well, if possible, as I do the ten commandments, and I'll bet any man in the crowd ten dollars that I can sell more of this benign and miraculous tooth-wash in ten minutes than he can in fifteen."

"Pull up, right there! I'll take that bet," said a voice in the crowd.

The sole proprietor of that melodious voice was Bob Wiggins, from Posey county, who is up here to attend the "hoss fair." Bob made his way through the assembled yeomanry and mounted the box by the side of the man of the toothpowder, who looked as though he didn't exactly like the turn things had taken. But the crowd laughed, as crowds always will under such circumstances, and he lacked the courage to back out. The "preliminaries" were arranged, and it was agreed that the professor of the tooth-wash should exhaust his ten minutes, and then let Wiggins follow in his own way, without the slightest interruption from the former.

Wiggins descended from that box, and the other threw off his coat, turned his tongue loose and shot off his mouth like a revolutionary blunderbuss, scattering far and wide. He kept everybody in the best sort of humor, and at the expiration of his ten minutes had sold five bottles of his incomparable white-wash, and considered the bet one. Wiggings then mounted the box—his first appearance on any stage as a retail dealer in patent medicines—and proceeded to business without a smile—as solemn, in fact, as if he had come to preach the funeral of his grandmother.

"In the language of the Hon. Obediah Perkins," said he, "fellow citizens of the United States of Indiana and Floyd County, I have a preparation here, which, unlike poppers and mandragora, and other malicious and mischievous soft soaps of the world, will restore the lost teeth of your great-grandmothers, and bring them back to their original and pristine beauty and usefulness. It is warranted by no less responsible an individual than the influential and highly respectable and responsible gentleman whom I have the honor temporarily to succeed in this lucrative business. It will cure and clean everything from a decayed tooth to a wooden leg. I know it will accomplish everything, for I've tried it myself, and have used it in my family for twenty-five years. And now, gentlemen, I want to sell you some of this delicious preparation, and here it is, a limited supply on hand, and the demand constantly increasing. I am the duly accredited agent of the American Benevolent Association for the amelioration of the condition of the unwashed portion of suffering humanity, and I am instructed to sell you this powder at the unprecedented low price of five cents per bottle, three bottles for ten cents, or twenty-five cents per dozen—"

"Hold on there, mister," exclaimed the powder man, rushing frantically through the crowd, "I'll be everlastingly derned if I'll stand that—hold on!"

"Just you keep your shirt on," said Wiggins; "these intelligent audience will testify that I was to sell this stuff in my own way, and without the slightest interruption from you. I didn't interrupt you—don't interrupt me."

"These intelligent audience" did testify to that effect, and the victimized individual was forced to stand back and witness, in furious but impotent wrath, the rapid sale of his "Scandinavian Tooth-Powder," at the unprecedented low price hereinbefore mentioned.

Wiggins had three minutes left to spare, when he announced with many expressions of regret that his stock of tooth-powder had entirely "gin out." Coming down from the stand, he thrust the ten dollars he had won into his vest pocket, and retired amid the most deafening applause.—*New Albany Commercial.*

Chignons.

When did the word "chignon" come into French and into English? The article itself was used in much earlier days than our own, but had then a different name. "Mundus Muliebris" in 1690 describes the affair exactly:

Behind the noddle every baggage
Wears bundle *choux*, in English cabbage.

It would be monstrous to say that all the young ladies who stick knobs behind their noddles are baggages, but we submit that *choux* is the very word for the said knobs. Only if the reintroducer of head-cabbages had called them *choux*, what girl would have worn them? None. Therefore let those who want to send chignons after crinolines regularly call these bundles cabbages, and they'll succeed. Mr. Fairholt's definition of the *choux* is "the great round boss, or bundle of hair, worn at the back of the head, and resembling a cabbage, from whence the French gave it that name." Cotgrave in 1611 translates "chignon" "the chyne, or chyne-peece of the necke; also, a knot or knurre in a peece of wood or tymber."—*Pall Mall Gazette.*

☞ A gentleman going to the waterside to take a boat, cried out—"Who can swim?" "I, master," came from forty bawling mouths; but one fellow, turning about, said—"Sir, I cannot swim." "Then you are my man," said the gentleman, "for you will at least take care of me for your own sake."

☞ Theodore Parker aptly compared some who grew suddenly rich to cabbages growing in a bed. They smother the violets, but are after all nothing but cabbage heads.

Androcles and the Lion.

In our days, when slavery is associated very much with color, we have some difficulty in conceiving of the times when white men were slaves; when Britain supplied the slave markets of the world with many thousands of white captives yearly, and was precisely to the ancient nations what Africa has been in modern times; and when the magnanimous Julius Cæsar, obtaining the government of Gaul when he was deep in debt, in a few years amassed enormous wealth, chiefly from the sale of white men and white women.

What an incalculable amount of misery that wealth of his represents!

How many a loving family scattered asunder never to meet again—how many a brave Swiss mountaineer, free as the breeze of his own hills, chained to toil, till he died, in marble quarry or silver mine, fettered and cramped there, whose delight it had been to tread the heather and hunt the chamois; how many a noble maiden, pure as her own northern snow-flakes, lovely as her own snowdrops of early spring, driven to the lowest drudgery by some imperious Roman matron!

What a horrific state of society is revealed to us by that anecdote which tells us how, at a splendid banquet given to Augustus by one of his nobles, a youthful slave, in punishment of the heinous sin he had done in not cooking some special viand aright, was ordered by the host, to be flung, alive, without delay, as food to his master's lampreys, when Augustus interfered to save his life. How seldom was Augustus by, when a Roman lord or lady happened to lose their temper, and how many a raging furnace or ravenous wild beast had a dainty meal!

Our story opens in Northern Africa, in the time of one of the early Roman emperors. Androcles, born to high rank in Britain, had, early in life, been hurried into bondage and sold to a Roman nobleman, who held a high position in Numedia, the modern Algiers. Here he was treated so cruelly that he was driven to the desperate expedient of running away, though he knew that, if captured, death by torture awaited him; and if not captured, starvation or else slaughter by the fangs of some wild animal of the desert would likely be his fate. But the teeth of the lion or hyena, or the crushing coils of the huge snake, are easier to bear, by a generous and manly mind, than unceasing insult and contempt by which the soul is torn.

Taking some provisions with him, he turned his hasty steps towards the wildest parts of the country, seeking to get as far as possible from the abodes of men, and the, to him, frightful Roman civilization. Towards the close of the third day of his flight, he happened to discover a cave that went far back into the rock; into this recess he entered, and found it lofty above, and floored with smooth sand, while a fountain of water, the nectar of the desert, sprang strong and deep from its farthest cavity.

Eagerly he quenched his thirst, finished all that remained to him of his provisions, gathered together, in a deep nook of the cave, some of the dry leaves that lay heaped at the entrance, and flung himself on his couch, rude but sweet; and then, too tired to think of the future, he soon fell into a balmy and profound slumber.

But an awakening of dread and horror awaited him. As the earliest dawn began to stream in upon him through the narrow entrance and through a fissure in the rock overhead, the fugitive awoke; and listening, as during all his flight he had got into the habit of doing, to hear if any sounds of pursuit might be audible, he thought he perceived a rustling among the leaves at the entrance, and the tread of a heavy foot. In alarm, such as only a fugitive slave could feel, he lifted himself up on his elbow, and gazing towards the entrance, he descried, to his horror, a lion of extraordinary size making into the cave.

The unhappy man concluded that his last hour had come. There was no means of escape or defence; and the savage tyrant of the wild, discovering him at the first glance, came straight up to where he lay. Androcles rose to meet his fate like a man, and looked the monster steadfastly in the face. But how greatly was he astonished when this king of terrors, instead of taking his fatal bound when at the distance of twenty feet, came up quite close to him, with a mild and subdued look, and, first rubbing his shaggy coat against him, held up one of his forepaws, as if to say, "Now, Sir Human Being, there is something the matter with this foot of mine, and you will place me under the deepest obligation if you play the surgeon, and put it to rights. I and your class of creatures are generally sworn enemies; but if you do me this good turn, I vow to be one of the best friends ever your manship met with. This I pledge myself to, on the word of a royal lion."

This appeal—this dumb oration—was so persuasive, especially in the circumstances, where the imperial patient had the doctor completely at his discretion, that the slave could not do otherwise than attend right speedily to the case. Accordingly, he sat down, laid the paw on his knee, and at once saw what was wrong. There was a big thorn in the monarch's foot. To pull it out would give instant relief; but this could not be done without occasioning a great deal of pain, which might so irritate the despotic sufferer as to prompt him to tear the extractor to pieces.

As Androcles was deliberating on this point, the lion turned on him a look worthy of the Czar of Russia in his most impatient mood, or of the King of Dahomey, just before ordering a sacrifice of human beings in honor of his predecessor, and emitted a little bit of a growl, highly suggestive of broken ribs. The surgeon, therefore, delayed no longer, but gave the thorn a vigorous pull, and succeeded in bringing it all out, without giving his royal highness any pain to speak of.

The mighty creature felt relieved immediately; his every motion expressed gratitude and attachment to his benefactor; he lay down at his feet, as if he wished to be his subject; he went round him and round him, as if he wished to be his playfellow; he stretched himself on the bed of leaves beside him, as if he wished to be his bedfellow. At length, getting up suddenly, as though an important idea had struck him, he left the cave at a run.

Androcles, who was thoroughly convinced of the lion's friendship, did not fear any evil from his return, but was beginning to feel the attacks of hunger, when, after about five hours' absence, his friend of the rough great-coat came back, bearing with him two lambs in his teeth, which, like a tribute, he laid at Androcles' feet, as much as to say, "one good turn deserves another."

Androcles dressed one, made a fire inside the cave, cooked it, and had a noble meal.

At night he laid down beside the magnanimous beast, who guarded him and kept him warm with his shaggy mane. The next day, and ever after that, so long as the fugitive remained in the cave, the lion rose from his lair, went out every night about midnight on a foraging expedition, and returned in the morning, satiated himself, and bringing with him abundant and choice food for his companion.

Four months passed in this way. But this long security at length made the fugitive feel too secure. He began to venture out of the cave to considerable distances—varying his mode of life, for instance, and his fare, by angling in a neighboring river that swarmed with fish. He had even constructed for himself an osier boat, fastened together by the sinews of the animals he lived on.

While he was thus occupied one day, out on the broad stream, a large boat, with Roman legionary soldiers on board, rowed up to where he was, seized him, and carried him back to his master, by whom he was sent to Rome, doomed to fight with wild beasts in the amphitheatre. He was one of that class who were sentenced to be dispatched within a year, whom, ordinarily, no mercy was allowed to reach.

Fancy yourself, then, in the Coliseum, at Rome, begun to be built by Vespasian, finished by his son, Titus; that sublime building, which, even now, in its ruins, is the wonder of the world. Every one who enjoys the pre-eminent privilege of visiting Rome goes to see it, especially when the moonlight, with its glimmerings of fairyland, sheds its mystic lustre over the rent walls.

In the days of its glory, it could contain eighty-seven thousand spectators. It derived its name from a Colossus, or gigantic statue of Nero, that stood near it. How these entertainments were lavished on the people! Trajan, celebrating his triumphs over the Dacians, gave spectacles there every day for one hundred and twenty-three days in succession; during which eleven thousand animals were slain, and ten thousand gladiators fought. The Emperor sat in the Podium, on an elevated spot, canopied over with silk, his senators with him, fifteen feet above the arena. The knights sat next to the nobles or senators, on fourteen rows of cushioned seats. The masses of the people occupied seats of bare stone. By means of a special apparatus, perfumes of the most delicious kind were breathed over the whole assemblage; while thousands of the loveliest ladies of the world's conquering metropolis, glittering with gold and jewels, looked on, delighted with the death-agonies of brave men. In the days when our runaway slave lived, gladiatorial games and struggles with ferocious animals were in all their glory. At the feast of Minerva, therefore, he was brought into the arena, to be torn and mangled, "to make a Roman holiday." He stood there alone, sword in hand, awaiting the advent of some Numidian lion that had been kept without food for two days, in order to make it more greedy!

Try to put yourself in his place. How dreadful that silent pause before his destroyer rushed on! Did he not see his far-away British home—his mother, his sisters? Did he not hear the rushing of his native river? Did he not behold the verdure of his free, native hills?

At length a low door was opened, and a lion rushed out, with a loud roar. It came bounding up towards him; it stared at him with blood-thirsty eyes; but suddenly it stopped—then it came quite up to him, with a mild and joyous look—and Androcles recognized his dear friend of the African cave. It crouched at his feet. He threw his arms around its neck. Never so strange, so happy a meeting before on a Roman arena.

The Emperor rose, and demanded an explanation of a scene so strange. Then Androcles gave him, in simple, manly words. The Emperor was much moved; gave him a full pardon and his liberty; made him a present of the lion; and enriched him with a large sum of money, enough to support him and his shaggy friend for the rest of their days.

Life in Egypt Four Thousand Years Ago.

The Leisure Hour says: We passed the famous grottoes of the Beni Hassan—a terrace of tombs high on the shelving Arabian ridge, overlooking a two-miles' breadth of fertile land between mountain and river. In them, as in some vast gallery—hall after hall painted in graphic wall picturings, and glowing in yet unfaded tints—you may wander at will, and study the familiar every day life of men who walked the land before the days of Joseph. In these mansions of the dead—eternal abodes, as the ancients called them—mimic men and women are wrestling, fishing, ploughing, and reaping, and trapping birds, giving dinner-parties, being flogged, cutting their toe-nails, treading the wine-press, dancing, playing the harp, weaving linen, playing at catch-ball, being shaved by the barber, playing at draughts. Verily there is nothing new under the sun! What say you to an elderly lady robed in a dress having three flounces? And there are stranger things than that! Yes; the old, old story of human life is there told, as in a picture book. Though seen through a gap of four thousand years, your eye moistens over it still. Here are life's festive scenes and revels—the wine-cup and the garland; and here are scenes of sorrow—mourners are weeping over their dead. Nothing is lacking. And so, by a mystic sympathy, that touch of nature which links man with man, you reach out a hand across the ages in surveying these ancient scenes, and feel the throbbings of a humanity kindred with your own.

☞ A writer in the New York Gazette, contrasting Spurgeon and Beecher, says: "No man in the world understands his physical system better than Mr. Beecher. He is thoroughly temperate in all respect. His eating, sleeping, exercise, all conform to the laws of health. He has reached a half century with a sound constitution in a healthy body, and has twenty-five years good service in him yet. Spurgeon is a young man. His flushed appearance and the gout that has already overtaken him show that physical laws must be obeyed as well as moral. Mr. Beecher lives plainly, is simple in his dress and in his habits, and if met in the street would sooner be taken for an express man in a hurry for the cars than a minister. Spurgeon dresses in pure English clerical style, is a free liver, dispenses an elegant hospitality, keeps his coach and coachman, lives in a fine mansion, and boasts as good a turn-out as the Archbishop of Canterbury.

☞ The schoolmaster "struck ile" the other day—a juven-ile.

New Fables.

UNFORTUNATE COINCIDENCE.

"Ned, what an idle fellow you are!" said the Gray Horse to the Donkey; "I never by any chance look over the gate but I see you gossiping about in the lane."

"Ask your pardon, sir," said Ned, blinking innocently, "but I was just saying to the dun cow that I never came into the lane but I found you looking over the gate."

TAUGHT TO SING.

The blast rushed through the cane brake; the reeds and canes looked proudly round, for they rattled loudly, and they thought they charmed the water-lilies.

But the lilies shrunk among their leaves, and hid themselves from the sound.

Then the blast grew fierce, and broke the canes and reeds, and they lay in fragments on the banks of the stream, and in despairing silence they felt, "We shall never charm more."

But presently the breeze came by, and murmured *through* them, and made most sweet, soft music, and the lilies came forth, and listened, and loved it.

"Ah!" they cried; "if you had not been first broken by the blast, the breeze would never have had power to make you so melodious."

GLORY AT A DISCOUNT.

"Well, Juba, my boy," said a Donkey to his friend, "so you won the race! I heartily congratulate you."

"Thank you, Jack," said Juba, sedately.

"And what did you run for?" asked Jack, with eagerness.

"What did I run for? why, for my master, of course," said Juba.

"Ah, yes; but the prize, I mean; what was the prize?"

"The prize? I'm sure I can't tell you anything about that. Don't you know that the prize doesn't always go with the work? I should have had a good thrashing if I had not run well, but as I *did* run well I wasn't beaten, but had a feed, and master got the prize; and that's all I know about it," said Juba.

"Well, at any rate you've got the *glory*," said Jack.

"Glory! I wouldn't give a thistle for all the glory of the whole course. What's glory to a hungry stomach and weary bones? No, Jack, no; let master have the glory along with the prize; I must be less than a donkey to trouble my head with such nonsense! Indeed, between you and me, your glory is a troublesome thing. Now that I've shown how I can run, I'm afraid I shan't have many chances of walking, but, to keep up my character, shall be worked off my legs. No, Jack, no; give me a bramble and a quiet life before all the hay in the rick, with racing and glory tacked to it!"

BLIND DISCIPLESHIP.

"Ting, ting," went the old Bell-wether; and the sheep moved after him.

"What makes you follow that old fellow whenever he chooses to change his quarters?" said a Goat to one of the flock that seemed unwilling to quit the sweet grass she was nibbling.

"What? I don't know; we always do," said the Sheep.

"Do you know where he means to take you?" asked the Goat.

"No," said the Sheep, stopping for another bite.

"Are you sure he won't walk you off to the bare places on yonder mountain side, up which I see he is beginning to climb?" asked the Goat.

The Sheep gave a disconsolate glance towards the mountain.

"You ought to remember that he is half blind and very restless, and so proud to be able to carry the flock after him with his ting-tang that he very often wanders off for the mere pleasure of showing his power," said the Goat.

The Sheep looked blank.

"There are very dangerous pitfalls in that mountain. Are you sure he will not lead you all into one of them?" asked the Goat.

"There's the bell again," said the Sheep. "Good-bye; I *must* go after it;" and away she went.

"Go your way, for a silly sheep as you are," said the Goat; "before I gave myself to follow a bell as you do, I'd take care to know something about him that wore it; he shouldn't lead me from a fair and quiet pasture to a rough hillside, just to please his vagaries."

THE CONCEITED COCK.

"What awkward creatures ducks are!" cried a Cock that was strutting majestically up and down the yard in which the duck trough stood.

"Do you see how they waddle! can't walk at all!" he said again, giving his wings a contemptuous flutter, and shaking himself, after having made a critical survey of them as they waddled out of the yard.

"You're a fine fellow to cry out on other folks," said Tray; "it's true you can walk a trifle better than they can; but only let them get you on the water, I wonder what they would say to your swimming! But your conceited folks have no eyes for any merits but their own, and no memories for any faults but those of others."

EASY WORK THE FATHER OF HARD WORK.

"Friend, why would you cut me down?" said the old Tree to the Woodman, as he lifted his axe.

"Because you have been there long enough; you are so old," he replied.

"Have I not proved a shelter to you in many a storm, and a pleasant shade from the summer heat?" asked the Tree.

"Yes, it's true; but for all that you are very old, and must give place to others."

"Do you hope that a better will speedily spring up in my place?" asked the Tree.

"Not speedily, and perhaps no better at any time, but *you are so old!*"

"I see," said the old Tree; "had there been any reason for my condemnation I might have hoped to prevail; but since I am the victim of an obstinate prejudice I must submit, and wait to be avenged by the sorrow you will feel when you are taught that, although it is easy to cut me down, all your art can never set me up again."

THE PREJUDICE IS IN FAVOR OF FACTS.

"Between ourselves, you know," said Blackbird the race horse to several others standing near, "what is your honest opinion of Conqueror?" do you believe he got that plate fairly?"

"Certainly not," said Tomahawk, fiercely. "I know well that my rider was bribed to keep me in, or I should never have been passed."

"Not by *him*, perhaps," said Pepper, significantly. "I believe that: if it hadn't been for an awkward cramp that suddenly took me, *I* should have distanced him handsomely."

"As to that," said Highflyer, "I regret now that I forgot his capital training and expert rider; not bearing these in mind, I took the thing easily, and allowed him to get ahead till it was too late."

"Well," said Blackbird, rather offended that each considered himself better than the winner, without giving *him* the credit he thought he deserved as much as any of them—"Well, it's a great pity, since you ought every one of you to have won the plate, that Conqueror *did it;* for that one fact will give him more weight with the public than all your good qualities will secure for you."

GREAT SCHOLARS NOT ALWAYS THE BEST TEACHERS.

"I am quite full, I assure you," said a huge Waterbottle with a very narrow neck, that was suspended over the flower-bed.

"Full or empty, it makes no difference to us," said the Flowers, "for we get nothing out of you. Yonder shallow can, though it holds but little, is worth a dozen of you, for what it has it pours out, and we have the benefit of it. You are welcome to the credit of *having*, but we prefer those who understand how to give."

THE SECRET OF SYMPATHY.

"I have a profound contempt for your shrinking, sensitive creatures, that make troubles of everything," said an Oyster to a Crab. "Now look at those jellyfish and sea anemones; if a stick or a stone, or even a bit of seaweed, is washed against them, they wince, and make all manner of fuss. I can't understand it."

"I shouldn't think you could," said the Crab, "living in that stone house of yours, which keeps you deaf, blind, and insensible to all around you, so that you never feel anything but hunger, and then only have to gape for your dinner; but I sometimes am obliged to lie without a shell for many hours, and at those times, I can tell you, I find sticks and stones, and even bits of sea-weed, very disagreeable things; so I can understand both why they wince and shrink, and why you never do either, and, moreover, why you despise them for it. Turn you out of your stone walls for a bit, and then you'd tell another story."

HOODED CROWS NO JUDGES OF EAGLES.

"I can't make out," said a Hooded Crow to a friend, "why it is that that eagle, that golden eagle that lives on the topmost crag of the rock beyond the glen, won't let any creature build or dwell near her. How solitary we should be! Can you understand it?"

"No," said the friend.

"And I can't make out why she thinks it necessary to fly so tremendously high; if *we* were to be but half of the height up we shouldn't be able to see anything on the ground. Can you understand it?"

"No," said the friend.

"And I can't think why she drives her young from the eyrie, and even from her haunt, before the snow comes; it seems most unnatural. *You* and *I* wouldn't do it, would we?"

"Neighbor," said the other, "I have but one answer to make to all your remarks and questions; and that is, hooded crows are incapable of understanding, and therefore should never pretend to judge the ways and actions of eagles."

Luck.

We believe in luck; believe in lucky stars. Some people are always lucky—never fail to get a drawing-ticket in a lottery—are always finding something—never lose anything. From infancy to old age, everything goes right. The lucky boy wins all his playmate's marbles—never gets thrashed at school, although the ringleader of every plot, while his innocent playfellow gets all the birching—has the prettiest girl for a sweetheart—never gets the measles—never stubs his toes—gets all the rewards of merit—the girls bring him "goodies"—the boys lend him their skates, and sleds, and jack-knives, and forget to ask for 'em again—never tore his trowsers—never had to do chores—never had to sleep alone. When a man, never got cuchered—never paid any tax—never sat on a jury—never was asked to "subscribe"—never had the toothache—never missed a train—never was "dead broke"—never was called upon to make a speech—never wrote for the newspapers—in a word, he's one of the lucky dogs you occasionally meet, with whom luck is so natural that if he were to fall and break his neck, he'd die.

☞ Archbishop Whately has remarked that it is hard to forgive one who adheres to the views which were yours, and which you have changed; one who has proved right in the warning and advice he gave you, and which you rejected; one who is preferred to you by the woman you are in love with, or has carried off some other prize from you, especially if he has attained with little or no exertion what you have been striving hard for without success; one who has succeeded in some enterprise when you predicted failure.

☞ On a terrace at Portsmouth, Eng., past which the railroad trains rush with tremendous speed, the society for promoting the Gospel have caused to be inscribed, "Prepare to meet thy God."

☞ Among the many new applications of electro-magnetism to the arts and manufactures is that of making it instrumental in the smelting of iron. A fixed electro-magnet is placed opposite an opening in the side of the furnace containing the metal to be melted, and a current of magnetism is directed into the molten metal. The effect on the iron is said to be very remarkable, rendering is extremely tough and hard. The process is carried on with great success at one of the most important iron-works in Sheffield.

☞ A manufactory of Heidsick and Cliquot champagne wine, with the brands and labels of these celebrated manufacturers, has been discovered in San Francisco, and broken up. A man, named Finke, has been arrested and will be tried for forging the labels.

☞ Religions in Europe.—According to a recently published estimate of the numerical strength of different religions in Europe, there are 183 300 000 Roman Catholics, 65,400,000 Protestants, 74,000,000 Greek Catholics, 8,000,000 Jews, and 4 890,000 Mohammedans on that continent.

☞ The Nevada Transcript announces the marriage of Ah Sam to Ah How, at Yon Bet, on the 4th ult.

☞ Friendship is a sacred enclosure in life where the bravest and best souls meet together to repine upon, yet defy, the common lot.

Vampire Bats.

Among the products of the country around Para are vampire bats, which are so dangerous that the natives are obliged to guard carefully against their intrusion into their dwellings. A letter says that a party of Americans recently had an unpleasant experience with them. They were on an excursion up the Amazon, and at night one of them was bled so badly by a vampire as to awake, in a state of exhaustion, with a face like a corpse. The foot of his hammock and the floor beneath it was saturated with blood, the flow of which was checked with great difficulty. It is this difficulty of staunching the blood which makes the vampire so dreaded—the quantity which the creature requires to satisfy its appetite being comparatively trifling. Some persons seem to be especially liable to their attacks, while others can sleep in a room infested by them nightly with impunity. They only make their attacks in darkness, and a light kept burning in a sleeping room is an effectual safeguard.

☞ It is said that the immense herds of cattle that now roam at will through the wilds of Florida and Georgia are proving a serious inconvenience to the railroad trains. Scarcely a train runs at night without more or less destruction of stock, and not unfrequently half a dozen at a time are hurled from the track and destroyed.

FITS! FITS! FITS!

Persons laboring under this distressing malady will find HANCE'S Epileptic Pills to be the only remedy ever discovered for

CURING EPILEPSY OR FALLING FITS.

Read the following remarkable cure:

PHILADELPHIA, June 29, 1866.

To Seth S. Hance, Baltimore, Md.

DEAR SIR:—Seeing your advertisement in the Saturday Evening Post, I was induced to try your Epileptic Pills. I was attacked with epilepsy in July, 1863. Immediately my family physician was summoned, but he could give me no relief from the medicines he prescribed. I then consulted another physician, but I seemed to grow worse. I then tried the treatment of another, but without any good effect. I again returned to my family physician, was cupped and bled at several different times. I was generally attacked without any premonitory symptoms. I had from two to five fits in a day, at about intervals of two weeks. I was often attacked in my sleep and would fall wherever I would be or whatever I would be occupied with, and was severely injured several times from the falls. I was affected so much that I lost all confidence in myself. I also was affected in my business, and I consider that your Epileptic Pills cured me. In February, 1865, I commenced to use your Pills. I only had two attacks afterward. The last one was on 5th of April, 1865, and they were of a less serious character. With the blessing of Providence, your medicine was made the instrument by which I was cured of that distressing affliction. I think that the pills and their good effects should be made known everywhere, so that persons who are similarly afflicted may have the benefit of them. Any persons wishing any information, will obtain it by calling at my residence, 830 North Third street, Philadelphia, Pa.

WM. ELLEM.

Sent to any part of the country by mail, free of postage. Address SETH S. HANCE, 108 Baltimore street, Baltimore, Md. Price—one box, $3; two, $5; twelve, $27. jy 6-eow10t

Dr. Radway's Pills (Coated) Are Infallible As a Purgative and Purifier of the Blood.

BILE.

Bile in the Stomach can be suddenly eliminated by one dose of the Pills—say from four to six in number. When the Liver is in a torpid state, when species of acrid matter from the blood or a serous fluid should be overcome, nothing can be better than Radway's Regulating Pills. They give no unpleasant or unexpected shock to any portion of the system; they purge easily, are mild in operation, and, when taken, are perfectly tasteless, being elegantly coated with gum. They contain nothing but purely vegetable properties, and are considered by high authority the best and finest purgative known. They are recommended for the cure of all disorders of the Stomach, Liver, Kidneys, Nervous Diseases, Indigestion, Dyspepsia, Biliousness, Bilious Fever, Inflammation of the Bowels, Piles, and symptoms resulting from Disorders of the Digestive Organs. Price, 25 cts. per box. Sold by Druggists.

mar 16-eow-tf

WHEN YOU FEEL A COUGH or bronchial affection creeping on the lungs, take AYER'S CHERRY PECTORAL, and cure it before it becomes incurable. sep7-2t

HOLLOWAY'S OINTMENT AND PILLS are found the only remedies able to subdue the dangerous symptoms of that fatal disease now so prevalent under the name of sore throats. The Ointment used externally, and pills internally, are a certain cure. Manufactory, 80 Maiden Lane, N. Y.

MARRIAGES.

☞ Marriage notices must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 26th of Aug., by the Rev. W. C. Robinson, Mr. CHARLES W. PETERSON to Miss ADDIE V. DELP, both of this city.

On the 3d instant, by the Rev. E. W. Hutter, Mr. D. C. CLARK to MARY C., daughter of the late Benj. H. Kulsell, both of this city.

On the 29th of Aug., by the Rev. J. T. Cooper, D. D., Mr. JOHN W. CARSON to Miss MARY VANBEBBLICK, both of this city.

On the 2d of July, by the Rev. A. Atwood, Mr. BENJAMIN F. MOORE to Miss SALLIE A. ROBINSON, both of this city.

On the 1st instant, by the Rev. Samuel Durborow, JOHN BARTON, Jr., to Miss ANNIE THOMPSON, both of this city.

On the 31st of July, by the Rev. A. Manship, Mr. WILLIAM STEVENS to Miss KATE MAC, both of this city.

DEATHS.

☞ Notices of Deaths must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 3d instant, ANNIE E. CLARK, in her 23d year.

On the 2d instant, in Bethlehem, Penna., Mrs. FRANCIS TAYLOR, in her 82d year.

On the 2d instant, Mrs. HARRIET HALL, in her 55th year.

On the 2d instant, JOSEPHINE, wife of Wm. Fritz, in her 23d year.

On the 1st instant, NETTIE HAINES, in her 23d year.

On the 1st instant, HENRY THOMAS, in his 64th year.

On the 1st instant, Mrs. MARGARET COPELAND, in her 46th year.

On the 31st of Aug., Mr. BENJAMIN HUBBERT, in his 74th year.

On the 30th of Aug., MARY J., wife of Richard Hackett, in her 44th year.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Unequalled Inducements.

Beautiful Premium Engraving.

The proprietors of the "eldest and best of the weeklies" offer unequalled inducements to those who many the labor of making up clubs, as well as to those who remit, as single subscribers, the full subscription price.

A large and beautiful steel line engraving, 26 inches long by 20 inches wide, possessing all the softness and peculiar charm of Mezzotint, called

"One of Life's Happy Hours,"

will be sent *gratis* to every single ($2.50) subscriber, and to every person sending on a club. The great expense of this Premium will, we trust, be compensated by a large increase of our subscription list.

The contents of THE POST shall consist, as heretofore, of the very best original and selected matter that can be procured—

STORIES, SKETCHES, ESSAYS,

ANECDOTES, AGRICULTURAL ARTICLES, RECEIPTS, NEWS, LETTERS, from the best native and foreign sources, &c., &c., &c.

NEUTRAL IN POLITICS.

THE POST is exclusively devoted to Literature, and therefore does not discuss political or sectarian questions. It is a common ground, where all can meet in harmony, without regard to their views upon the political or sectarian questions of the day.

TERMS.

Our terms are the same as those of that well-known magazine, THE LADY'S FRIEND—in order that the clubs may be made up of the paper and magazine conjointly when so desired—and are as follows:

One copy (with the large Premium Engraving)	$3.00
1 copy of The Post and 1 of The Lady's Friend and one engraving,	4.00

CLUBS.

2 copies		$4.00
4 "		6.00
5 "	(and one to getter-up of club)	8.00
8 "	" " "	12.00
14 "	" " "	20.00
20 "	" " "	28.00

A copy of the large and beautiful Premium Engraving ("One of Life's Happy Hours") WILL BE SENT TO EVERY ONE SENDING ON A CLUB. The sender of a club of five and over, will of course get the engraving in addition to his paper.

☞ Any member of a club wishing the engraving must remit *one dollar extra*.

☞ Subscribers in British North America must remit *twenty cents* extra, as we have to prepay the U. S. postage.

☞ The contents of The Post and of The Lady's Friend will always be entirely different.

OUR SEWING MACHINE PREMIUM.

We still continue our offer of a Wheeler & Wilson's o. 2 Sewing Machine, such as Wheeler & Wilson sell for $55.00, to any one sending on a list of 30 subscribers at $2.50 each. We will also send this Machine on the old terms of *twenty* subscribers and *sixty dollars* (that is, ten dollars *in addition* to the amount of the subscription price) if desired. And we will send any of the higher priced Wheeler & Wilson's Machines, if the difference in price is also remitted. Every subscriber on the above Premium lists will receive, in addition to his magazine or paper, a copy of the large Premium engraving, "One of Life's Happy Hours." The regular club subscribers do not receive this engraving, unless they remit one dollar extra for it.

THE PAPERS OR MAGAZINES will be sent to different Post-Offices when desired.

REMITTANCES.—In remitting, name at the top of your letter, your post-office, county, and state. If possible, procure a post-office order on Philadelphia. If a post-office order cannot be had, get a draft on Philadelphia or New York, *payable to our order*. If a draft cannot be had, send United States notes. Do not send money by the Express Companies, unless you pay their charges. Address

HENRY PETERSON & CO.,

No. 819 Walnut Street, Philadelphia.

☞ Specimen copies will be sent postpaid on the receipt of *five cents*.

EVERLASTING FLOWERS.

I send thee but a simple gift,
A little bunch of dry, crisp flowers,
Still rainbow colored, though 'tis long
Since sunshine fed them, or the showers.

Mere phantoms of those thoughts of love
Whose flying seeds from Eden blew;
God's hand in pity sent them forth,
If Talmud legends are but true.

Dear, promise me that, when I'm dead,
You'll press within my clay-cold hand
The same bright everlasting flowers;
I'll bear them through the Silent Land.

I shall not need remembrances
Of thee, my own; but still I'll keep
These always with me through the dim,
Sad shadow of Death's long, long sleep.

Dark waters, in your blackest gulf—
Dark valley, in thy ghastliest cleft,
I'll guard these flowers, the types of love,
Though nothing but these flowers be left.

Come flame and torture for my sins,
Or Mercy ope the golden portal,
Still, still I'll grasp those changeless flowers,
To prove my boundless love immortal.

☞ A woman living in the lower part of Boston, named Meyer, who from the treatment of her husband had become disgusted with life, attempted the other day to make way with herself in the following unique manner: She took a six-pounder cannon ball, which her husband had brought from Vicksburg as a relic, and which had been lying on the mantel-piece for years, and having rather an indistinct conception of the terrible effects of the terrible projectile and the manner of using it, at length hit upon an idea. She went to a grocery store and purchased fifty cents' worth of powder, returned home, and procuring a breakfast plate, she placed it on the floor. She then poured the powder on the plate, and put the cannon ball on top of the powder. Having thus got her artillery into position and everything in readiness, she then sat down over the loaded plate, and with a burning taper fired the powder. The effects of the explosion may be imagined. The exploding powder burned and blackened the woman's lower extremities, while the ball, which she vainly expected would end her miseries, never moved from its position.

THE BALLAD OF MADGE,
The Circus Queen.

I sat with the crowd, and the music clashed
And clamored a merry tune;
Outside were the breezes and glorious stars,
And the slumberous heart of June;
And the dreams of the roses were rudely stirred
With the drum and the loud bassoon.

I remember the hoops with their myriad lights,
And the smell of the sawdust ring;
The painted clown with his hoarse, loud voice,
As he wearily tried to sing
A ballad gay of the "good old times
When we lived under the king."

Bear with me a little, friend. Ah well!
I'm an old man now and gray,
And I pray that God in His infinite love,
Will call me to rest some day;
And put the cares of my lonely life
From my worn heart quite away.

You marvel I sought out such riotous mirth?
But listen a little, my friend,
I hope that to you the pitiful God
Will never such bitterness send,
As drove me there in my sorrowful search,
That I prayed each day might end.

The roll of the drum and the cymbal's crash
Were still for a moment's space,
And a woman came to the noisy ring
And joined in the headlong race.
And in all that crowd I only saw
That woman's smiling face.

Erectly poised on the flying steed,
In her shining robes of gold,
Kissing her hand to the shouting throng
With a grace I had praised of old;
And the face of the "Queen of the Ring" I knew,
Smiling yet overbold.

Was that the maiden I clasped and kissed,
The nestling I held so dear?
The lights were dim to my straining eyes,
And my heart was still with fear,
As she rode with her bold, bad grace—a thing
At which all men might fleer.

There were youth and bloom in the crowded tent,
Bosoms and brows of snow,
And tender eyes, where the low replies
Of love would flit and flow,
But none so fair as the rider there
Had been in the long ago.

For once as pure as a sinless babe,
As bright as the golden day,
I took my heart from its hiding-place
At her delicate feet to lay.
True heart! true heart! but she broke it, friend,
The night she fled away.

I went to the East, I went to the West,
I sought her by far and near,
In by the mountains and out by the sea,
But never a word could hear,
Till there in the midst of the idle crowd
I saw her, my dove, my dear.

Better by far that the turf had grown
On her breast in the churchyard gray,
Where the robins sing, and the rushes lean
And the daisies come in May,
Than to find her here, with her sin in view
Of her desperate heart alway.

The years went back with a sudden bound
To the sweet days we had known,
I never thought of the ruin wrought,
But I called in a loving tone,
"O, 'Madge, my darling, the past is past,
Come back to your rest, mine own."

She never slackened her headlong speed,
But she heard th' impassioned call,
And her eyes met mine. God pity me;
A cry and a headlong fall,
And Madge lay dead in that ghastly ring,
And that was the end of all.

THE WARNING.

A week or two before my story opens, a proposal had been made, and had been accepted. It had been made by the eldest son of "The Squire" of the county, to the daughter of a neighboring squire, equally entitled to pre-eminence, had it not been for the fact that the family of the latter had scarcely been settled in that part for as many years as the former had centuries. In worldly wealth they were about equal; both of untarnished reputation in all the virtues conspicuous in landlords, magistrates, and county authorities. They lived sufficiently far apart to be very good friends, and as their politics were alike, even a recent election had not provoked hostilities. Both families were thoroughly well brought up, and the younger members were very popular both with each other, and the rest of their acquaintance. It will seem strange, therefore, that though no objection was openly made, yet, evidently, the union between the two families was not regarded with entire satisfaction by the parents of the young man. Their congratulations were not as cordial as George Forbes expected. There was a shrinking from the subject in the family circle, and though their formal consent was given, and the young lady had been received and welcomed, almost warmly, by them, as the bride of their eldest son, there was still an indescribable something in their manner, which gave him a decided impression that his engagement was not to them that source of intense pleasure which it certainly was to him. In vain he appealed to his mother, and equally in vain to his father; neither would give him any direct answer on the point which lay nearest his heart. They both distinctly said that they had nothing to say against the marriage—nothing to say against the lady, her family, or her fortune—nothing whatever; and certainly they on no account wished the marriage to be stopped, or even put off; though for a moment Mrs. Forbes did hesitate at the last suggestion, but the next instant she again repeated her assurance that she by no means wished even for delay. George was fain to content himself with this assurance, and rode off to pay his devoirs to his lady love, as was his wont; generally arriving at Hawley Court before luncheon, and remaining till late in the afternoon, or, if business detained him in the morning, he not unfrequently went there for dinner, and, to avoid the late ride home, the father of his intended bride would sometimes press him to stay the night. Generally it seemed to be preferred, though, that George's visit should be a daily one, and that he should return to Forbeston, his home, to sleep. After he had started on this particular afternoon, Mr. and Mrs. Forbes continued their stroll round the garden, for it was in the early spring, and the weather being mild and delicious, the garden often took the place of a business room when any family consultation was to be held. It may be that their conversation will shadow out the cause of the coolness which had agitated the mind of their son.

"I cannot get rid of that impression," said Mrs. Forbes to her husband; "it haunts me, and, as you see, it has unconsciously influenced me to such a degree that even my manner to George betrays it, though I did not mean it should."

"It certainly is curious," was his answer; "but it has just the same effect on me, and I cannot shake it off, either. But I am sure we must not let it prejudice us. Everything we have heard of the family is strongly in their favor; everything we know of them we like, and the girl herself is, to my thinking, unexceptionable."

"She is a charming, amiable creature," said Mrs. Forbes; "and I am sure that if any one had asked me ten days ago whom I should like George to marry in all the county round, I should certainly have chosen Miss Baillie. And yet, now, I do not know what to think—I cannot help looking upon it as a warning."

"If I had not heard that strange faint sound, which woke me, when I found you almost fainting, I believe I should have tried to convince you that it was a mere hallucination."

"That is a fact that perplexes me," said Mrs. Forbes; "for I heard no sound, only saw in the bright moonlight the warning gesture, as the gray figure raised its hand and warned me off, just as I opened my arms, in my half dream, half consciousness, to embrace her. And oh! the intense horror that came over me as it altogether vanished, I can't express; and I have felt it, and shuddered so dreadfully, whenever I have seen Mary Baillie since. I quite expected to see her raise her hand in that slow, solemn way, when she came into the room yesterday, in her gray silk dress."

"We must try and not think of this," said Mr. Forbes, musingly; "and yet, as you say, one cannot help it. But we must not now show it, for we should be doing an injustice to Miss Baillie. Still, I will endeavor to trace out something more of their history, if I can; though I believe we know all there is to be known."

"It's not the past, it's the future," said Mrs. Forbes to herself.

"Let me see," continued her husband; "there are Mr. and Mrs. Baillie: we know exactly who they are, and where they came from, and there is no mystery about them. Then there is the eldest son, whom we have never seen, in India—Civil Service, I believe. The second in the army, and that good-natured young scamp, Harry, at Eton. Then there is our Miss Baillie, soon to be Mrs. George Forbes," (at which Mrs. Forbes shuddered,) "and her two sisters, very pretty girls, too; and that is all."

"They are not as pretty as Mary; and Emily has such an odd look in her eyes. Somehow, I don't like her much."

"Well, but if you don't,—though I own I do,—that is not reason enough for George to break his engagement with her sister."

"No," said Mrs. Forbes, half laughing; "certainly not."

"And what will be, will be," added Mr. Forbes, as he turned from the garden to the house.

Poor Mrs. Forbes! she did not feel very comfortable; and she could not, with that strange vision always haunting her.

George, meantime, pursued his ride. He had not left home till near three o'clock, and meeting by the way a friend with whom he had some little business to transact, the delay which this occasioned caused him to arrive later than he intended at Mr. Baillie's; and it was quite five o'clock when he passed the lodge gate. He intended, as usual, to ride straight into the stable-yard to put up his horse, and then walk without ceremony into the house, omitting the form of ringing the bell. Just as he was about to turn aside to the stables, at a point where the front door was straight before him, to his surprise he saw the figure of his promised bride, in a gray dress, standing outside the door. Supposing that she was waiting for his arrival, he called out to her—

"Here I am! I'll be round directly—come and meet me."

No answer.

He called again, "You'll come and meet me, won't you?" The figure turned, waved its arms, motioning him earnestly away, and vanished! He was puzzled; but supposed she must have gone out of sight into the garden, though how, he could not conceive, as there was a broad open terrace to traverse before you could reach the shade of the shrubs from the hall door; and he had *not* seen her cross it; but, then, it was certainly getting dark. This passed through his mind as he rode into the stable-yard, where the step of his horse brought out a groom instantly, for he was accustomed to arrive at all hours, and was everywhere welcome. So not a moment was lost there; but hastening, by a small side door, to the front of the house, he again saw the same gray figure standing where it stood before. Much surprised that she did not come towards him, he called out, "Hollo, Mary! it seems you are not anxious to see me to-night."

No answer.

Almost involuntarily, he stopped, standing within about fifteen yards from her, and said, very seriously, "Mary, come and meet me, or I shall think you are sorry to see me." No answer; but the figure partly turned, and, with a despairing gesture of its arms, motioned him wildly away, and, as before, disappeared entirely! This time he was certain she had not crossed the terrace, and darted forward, expecting to find her under the shade of the wall. No sign of her! He looked round bewildered, and then ran quickly into the house, and into the drawing-room, saying, as he opened the door,

"Where is Mary? why is she out so late?"

"Mary is not out, and she is here!" was answered by her own well-known voice.

"How can you have come in, then, in such a moment?"

"My dear George," she said, "I came in an hour ago. What do you mean?"

"Nonsense," he said; "I saw you just now on the terrace, as I came to the door, and you must have come in just before me."

"Your imagination must have pictured me there, then, George," she said; "for I assure you that for the last hour I have been sitting here expecting you. And even if it had not been so late, I should not have gone out to meet you, for you told me yourself that it was very uncertain at what time you would be able to come to-day."

George did not answer for a minute or two, but stood gazing at the fire; presently he said, thinking Mary would be surprised at his preoccupation—

"Where are your sisters, then? It must have been one of them."

"Now, dear George, do believe that you saw nothing; for my sisters went away this morning to visit my aunt, as I told you yesterday, only this romantic vision of me has made you forget everything. I am sure, George," she continued, looking anxiously at him, "you have something on your mind that troubles you. What is it? do tell me."

"Nothing, nothing," said he, impatiently, gazing abstractedly at the fire, with the recollection of the warning wave of the arms still before his mind.

"Why will you wear that gray dress?" he said presently, turning sharply round to her; "I cannot bear it."

"Oh! George," she said, in a gently reproachful tone, "and it was only yesterday you were saying how pretty you thought it! But I will put on another to-morrow, now that you say you don't like this. But you are very changeable, I do think," she added, as she put up her hand on his shoulder.

"Don't, don't," he said, as he shuddered, and drew back instinctively; then, recollecting himself, and how extraordinary his behaviour must appear to her, he added, as if in explanation, "A twist—a sort of sprain—nothing, really. I was very ungracious, dear Mary."

"I hope it is not bad; I had no idea you had hurt yourself, George," her whole expression turned to one of the tenderest concern.

"It's really nothing," he said, ashamed of his paltry excuse; "it will be quite well to-morrow."

Ah! that to-morrow, to-morrow, that they were always harping upon! He made an effort to forget the vision, and be the same to her that he always was; and by degrees his earnest devoted affection for her, his pleasure in her society, and the power of her soft winning beauty, asserted their usual supremacy over his mind, and the hour that was their own before dinner sped away all too quickly, and they were as thoroughly happy and wrapped up in each other as any two hearts could be. Dinner came, and a cheerful, pleasant evening of conversation and music; and though the unexplained mystery floated sometimes mistily across his mind, he would not let it dwell there, but banished it with success, till, at the moment of parting, a light observation of Mary's recalled it.

"Good-bye, George! Come again to-morrow; but do not flatter yourself that I am always looking out for you on the terrace."

"And, my dear Mr. Forbes," said his future mother-in-law, as they shook hands, "I had nearly forgotten to tell you that my eldest son has just returned to England, and will, I hope, be here in time for the wedding; I shall be so very glad for him to make your acquaintance."

Mrs. Baillie spoke these words with some hesitation, and a close observer might have observed that the color left her daughter's cheek, and a look of alarm took the place of the smile with which she had last spoken to her lover. George did not notice it, however, eagerly replying to Mr. Baillie, and saying what pleasure it would give him to make the acquaintance of Mary's eldest brother, which he had so little hoped to be able to do at present, not having even heard of his departure from India.

So he went; and Mary threw herself back into a chair, the tears trickling through the fingers with which she covered her face.

"Oh, mamma, mamma! why will you not tell him all? Let me tell him; I must, before the day. It is deceiving him, it really is; and I am sure he would not care. It would make no difference."

"You must listen to reason, my dear child," was her mother's cold answer; "it would be extremely imprudent to make this unnecessary fuss about your brother, more especially as it is quite unnecessary now. There is no use at all in awakening unpleasant suggestions with an old story; and I do hope, Mary, you are not going to be so foolish as to make explanations about nothing."

"I can't bear deceiving him like this; I cannot bear it," she added, passionately.

"You had better compose yourself now, at any rate, and go to bed, and to sleep; and I hope you will be more rational to-morrow," said her mother. And so they parted.

As George stepped through the hall on his way out, his eye fell for a moment on the figure of a person not familiar to him; apparently a servant out of livery, for he was carrying a tray in his hand; but a man of very powerful build, and certainly some one whom George had not seen in that house before. He knew all the servants of the house, and as he was constantly there, and in such familiar intercourse with the family, it struck him as rather curious that he should have heard no mention of any change in the establishment, or of the engagement of any new servant; and he knew no visitor had arrived. Somehow this casual glance at a new face made a great impression on him, and he speculated on it as he mounted his horse, and rode out of the yard, half wishing he had asked the groom something about it, though ashamed at the time of doing so. The night was not very dark, and as the air was clear, and the moon up, there was quite light enough to show him his way. The approach passed under some high elm trees, a short half mile from the house, and their thick branches cast a deep shade over the road. As George passed under the darkest part, he was startled by hearing a groan, as of a person in pain. He pulled up and listened, and heard it again close to him, on the right side of the road. To jump off his horse, and, tossing the rein over his arm, to find the source whence it proceeded, was the work of a moment. There lay a man on the ground, groaning deeply.

"What is the matter? Are you hurt?" asked George, stooping over him.

"Hush!" said the man; "don't speak—help me up."

George let go his horse, and proceeded to raise the man. But in an instant the man whom he supposed to be half murdered was up, and upon him, grappling with him, and, with tremendous force, swaying him backwards and forwards, struggling by science or main force to throw him. George was not a prize-fighter, but still had a fair knowledge of the art of self-defence, and all his skill, and strength too, were at once called into play by an immediate instinctive consciousness that he was fighting for his life. The struggle continued: the strength of his adversary was enormous, and he had, besides, the great advantage of having taken George at unawares and had almost pinned his arms, so that Mr. Forbes could do little to liberate himself, and the contest soon became, on his part, one of defence only. Not a word passed the lips of either as they wrestled fiercely, swaying now this way and now that, with all the force of those two strong frames exerted to the utmost. By degrees George's strength relaxed under the iron grasp of his adversary, and more than once his knee had bent and almost touched the ground; when, in making a desperate struggle, his foot slipped, and he fell prostrate at the mercy of his enemy. The latter never for an instant let go his hold, but kneeling firmly upon him, he threw up his head, and laughing a frenzied laugh, he screamed,

"Ah, ah! I have him now, I have him; they tried to hide him, but I have got him now."

George was quite helpless, and thoroughly frightened besides; for that wild laugh had convinced him that what he had suspected from the first was true—that his opponent was mad. He wisely considered that the best thing he could do was to lie perfectly still, which would, at least, not provoke any further hostilities, and might possibly give time for help to arrive. He fixed his eye steadily on his enemy, which had the effect of quieting him, and for two minutes they neither of them moved; and then, to George's infinite relief, a sharp, stern voice rang in his ears.

"So, Mr. Baillie, this is what you're up to, is it? Come away directly, sir; I want you."

The wretched man's expression changed altogether to one of submissive fear, as he quietly let George go, got up, and stood quite humbly before his keeper, the same tall man whom George had remarked as a stranger in the hall.

"Now then," he said, "what do you mean by this? Didn't I tell you you were not to go out of your room to-night?"

"I only wanted just to kill him—only to kill him," he said, tremblingly. "Don't be angry; I was coming back as soon as I had done it, only the moon shone so bright, and that kept me."

"Now come along, then, and be thankful you were stopped in time. Don't stand talking here; come on!"

Cowed and submissive, he followed the powerful man, his keeper. George was, meantime, attended to by the groom and one or two others. His providential rescue was owing to the fact of his horse having trotted back to the well-known stables as soon as the rein had been let loose. He had found the stable-door shut; and the groom, crossing the yard at the moment and seeing him there, at once conjectured something had happened to Mr. Forbes, and lost no time in imparting his fears to the rest of the household; amongst these, to the keeper of the mad son of the family, who at once rushed to his patient's room, and finding him absent, had feared the worst, from the dislike which he knew he entertained towards Mr. Forbes from the moment at which he had been told that he was going to marry his sister. He had often watched him from the window of the room where he had been kept concealed for a week or more, and always with an expression of aversion amounting to hatred. Knowing all this, it was very seldom that the keeper let him out of his sight when Mr. Forbes was in the house; but believing him gone, he had not hurried back as usual to his patient's room, and his anxiety was intense as, guided by the insane shouts of laughter with which he was but too well acquainted, he rushed to the spot where the struggle had taken place, and where he arrived in the very nick of time to save George's life.

Need we explain further? There was hereditary madness in the family. The eldest son, its present victim, was generally kept out of sight, nominally in India; but really in a private asylum. Latterly his fits of insanity had become so very rare that it was thought he might safely return home, always under competent supervision, in the hope that familiar faces might have a beneficial effect on him. But, alas! before the first week had passed, his disease broke out as we have seen. Providentially, as Mrs. Forbes thought; for this encounter and consequent disclosure gave them reason and right to insist on the match being broken off; and even George himself, though half broken-hearted, was forced to acquiesce in their decision.

The severe illness which prostrated Miss Baillie when she was informed of the abrupt discovery of the family secret and of her lover's consequent withdrawal, did not, as was greatly feared, result in insanity; and the quiet single life she subsequently led conduced, no doubt, to the preservation of her mental faculties. George went abroad for two years after his terrible shock and disappointment, and it was long before he could entirely resume his wonted composure and quiet home life; yet, at last, before his mother's death, he gave her the satisfaction of seeing him united to a girl who thoroughly came up to her ideas of what her favorite son's wife ought to be. And her marriage was not preceded by the appearance of a figure in gray, nor by any mysterious warning whatever.

Clerical Anecdote.

The Reverend Mr. ——, a Scotch minister, of some humor, was one day walking through the streets of Edinburgh, dressed in his rough country clothes, when a young lady, the leader of a group of fashionable belles, surveyed him through her quizzing glass rather more curiously than he thought consistent with female delicacy. Seeming to recognize her, he walked briskly up to her, and seizing her hand with the familiarity of an old acquaintance, accosted her with:

"My dear Marie! how do you do? how left you your worthy father and venerable mother?—and when did you come to town?"

All this was expressed with the energy and rapidity of a surprised recognition of an old and familiar friend—and with an air of equality, a little savoring of superiority. The astonished fair one had not time to withdraw her hand or to make reply, until he paused as if out of breath, and waited for her to return his friendly greetings, looking her still in the face. The fine young lady by this time recovered from her confusion, and hastily withdrawing her hand, said with some alarm:

"You are mistaken, sir."

"What," replied he, "is it possible, my dear, that you do not know me?"

"Indeed, I do not, sir."

"Neither do I you," said the parson; "good morning, madam!"—and making a ceremonious bow, he walked away.

She was perfectly cured of quizzing strangers in the street.

☞ An exchange says the bark of hickory, or sweet walnut, placed wherever red ants abound, will very soon cause them to disappear.

SHE LOVED THEE BEST OF ALL.

Sweet voices into music broke
  Among the proud and high,
For every tone a welcome spoke,
  When thou wert drawing nigh;
And smiles like mirrored sunbeams shone,
  Through parlor and through hall,
On every lip save hers alone,
  Who loved thee best of all.

Her homage was a silence sweet,
  Where thought held pure control:
Affection in itself complete,
  As e'er drew soul to soul.
Love hath no language that can reach
  The power it holds in thrall;
The heart gave token more than speech,
  She loved thee best of all!

Yet, with no hope thy life to bless,
  Or waken Love's refrain,
Her heart, that ached with tenderness,
  Grew mute with its sweet pain;
If glance with glance responsive met,
  Like sunbeams to the fall,
Her lids drooped low, and yet—and yet,
  She loved thee best of all!

God smoothe the path thy feet shall tread,
  God fill thy heart with song,
Thy life with love, when she is dead,
  Thou one beloved long;
Yet should some tone at eventide
  Her memory recall,
Say only,—"It is well she died
  Who loved me best of all."

BEAUTY AND THE BEAST.

BY MISS THACKERAY,

AUTHOR OF "THE VILLAGE ON THE CLIFF."

I.

Fairy times, gifts, music, and dances are said to be over; or, as it has been said, they come to us so disguised and made familiar by habit that they do not seem to us strange. H. and I, on either side of the hearth, these long past winter evenings could sit without fear of fiery dwarfs skipping out of the ashes, of black puddings coming down the chimney to molest us. The clock ticked, the window-pane rattled. It was only the wind. The hearth-brush remained motionless on its hook. Pussy, dozing on the hearth, with her claws quietly opening to the warmth of the blaze, purred on and never once startled us out of our usual placidity by addressing us in human tones. The children sleeping peacefully upstairs were not suddenly whisked away and changelings deposited in their cribs. If H. or I opened our mouths pearls and diamonds did not drop out of them; but neither did frogs and tadpoles fall from between our lips. The looking-glass, tranquilly reflecting the comfortable little sitting-room, and the stiff ends of H.'s cap-ribbons spared us visions of wreathing clouds parting to reveal distant scenes of horror and treachery. Poor H.! I am not sure but that she would have gladly looked in a mirror in which she could have sometimes seen the images of those she loved; but our chimney-glass, with its gilt moulding and bright polished surface, reflects only such homely scenes as two old women at work by the fire, some little Indian children at play upon the rug, the door opening and Susan bringing in the tea-things. As for wishing-cloths and little boiling pots, and such like, we have discovered that instead of rubbing lamps, or spreading magic table-cloths upon the floor, we have but to ring an invisible bell (which is even less trouble), and a smiling genius in a white cap and apron brings in anything we happen to fancy. When the clock strikes twelve, H. puts up her work and lights her candle; she has not yet been transformed into a beautiful princess all twinkling with jewels, neither does a scullion ever stand before me in rags; she does not murmur farewell forever and melt through the key-hole, but "Good-night," as she closes the door. One night at twelve o'clock, just after she had left me, there was indeed a loud orthodox ring at the bell, which startled us both a little. H. came running down again without her cap; Susan appeared in great alarm from the kitchen. "It is the back-door bell, ma'am," said the girl, who had been sitting up over her new Sunday gown, but who was too frightened to see who was ringing.

I may as well explain that our little house is in a street, but that our back windows have the advantage of overlooking the grounds of the villa belonging to our good neighbor and friend Mr. Griffiths, in Castle Gardens, and that a door opens out of our little back garden into his big one, of which we are allowed to keep the key. This door had been a postern gate once upon a time, for a bit of the old wall of the park is still standing, against which our succeeding bricks have been piled. It was a fortunate chance for us when our old ivy-tree died and we found the quaint little doorway behind it. Old Mr. Griffiths was alive then, and when I told him of my discovery he good-naturedly cleared the way on his side, and so the oak turned once more upon its rusty hinges to let the children pass through, and the nurse-maid, instead of pages and secret emissaries and men-at-arms; and about three times a year young Mr. Griffiths stoops under the arch on his way to call upon us. I say young Mr. Griffiths, but I suppose he is over thirty now, for it is more than ten years since his father died.

When I opened the door, in a burst of wind and wet, I found that it was Guy Griffiths who stood outside bareheaded in the rain, ringing the bell that winter night. "Are you up?" he said. "For heaven's sake come to my mother; she's fainted; her maid is away; the doctor doesn't come. I thought you might know what to do." And then he led the way through the dark garden, hurrying along before me.

Poor lady! when I saw her I knew that it was no fainting-fit, but a paralytic stroke, from which she might perhaps recover in time; I could not tell. For the present there was little to be done. The maids were young and frightened; poor Guy wanted some word of sympathy and encouragement. So far I was able to be of use. We got her to bed and took off her finery,—she had been out at a dinner-party, and had been stricken on her return home,—Guy had discovered her speechless in the library. The poor fellow, frightened and overcome, waited about, trying to be of help, but he was so nervous that he tumbled over us all, and knocked over the chairs and bottles in his anxiety, and was of worse than no use. His kind old shaggy face looked pale, and his brown eyes *ringed* with anxiousness. I was touched by the young fellow's concern, for Mrs. Griffiths had not been a tender mother to him. How she had snapped and laughed at him, and frightened him with her quick, sarcastic tongue and hard, unmotherlike ways! I wondered if she thought of this as she lay there cold, rigid, watching us with glassy, senseless eyes.

The payments and debts and returns of affection are at all times hard to reckon. Some people pay a whole treasury of love in return for a stone; others deal out their affection at interest; others again take everything, to the uttermost farthing, and cast into the ditch and go their way and leave their benefactor penniless and a beggar. Guy himself, hard-headed as he was, and keen over his ledgers in Moorgate street, could not have calculated such sums as these. All that she had had to give, all the best part of her shallow store, poor Julia Griffiths had paid to her husband, who did not love her; to her second son, whose whole life was a sorrow to his parents. When he died she could never forgive poor Guy for living still, for being his father's friend and right hand, and sole successor. She had been a real mother to Hugh, who was gone; to Guy, who was alive still and patiently waiting to do her bidding, she had shown herself only a step-dame; and yet I am sure no life-devoted mother could have been more anxiously watched and tended by her son. Perhaps,—how shall I say what I mean?—if he had loved her more and been more entirely one with her now, his dismay would have been less, his power greater to bear her pain, to look on at her struggling agony of impotence. Even pain does not come between the love of people who really love.

The doctor came and went, leaving some comfort behind him. Guy sat up all that night burning logs on the fire in the dressing-room, out of the bedroom in which Mrs. Griffiths was lying. Every now and then I went in to to him and found him sitting over the hearth shaking his great shaggy head, as he had a way of doing, and biting his fingers, and muttering "Poor soul! poor mother!" Sometimes he would come in creaking on tiptoe; but his presence seemed to agitate the poor woman, and I was obliged to motion him back again. Once, when I went in and sat down for a few minutes in an arm-chair beside him, he suddenly began to tell me that there had been trouble between them that morning. "It made it very hard to bear," he said.

I asked him what the trouble had been.

"I told her I thought I should like to marry," Guy confessed, with a rueful face.

Even then I could hardly help smiling.

"Selfish beast that I am! I upset her, poor soul! I behaved like a brute."

His distress was so great that it was almost impossible to console him, and it was in vain to assure him that the attack had been produced by physical causes.

"Do you want to marry any one in particular?" I asked, at last, to divert his thoughts, if I could, from the present.

"No," said he; "at least,—of course she is out of the question,—only I thought perhaps some day I should have liked to have a wife and children and a home of my own. Why, the counting-house is not so dreary as this place sometimes seems to me."

And then, though it was indeed no time for love-confidences, I could not help asking him who it was that was out of the question.

Guy Griffiths shrugged his great round shoulders impatiently, and gave something between a groan and sigh, and a smile, dark and sulky as he looked at times, a smile brightened up his grim face very pleasantly.

"She don't even know my name," he said, "I saw her one night at the play, and then in a lane in the country a little time after. I found out who she was. She's a daughter of old Barly the stockbroker. Belinda, they call her—Miss Belinda. It's rather a silly name, isn't it?" (This, of course, I politely denied.) "I'm sure I don't know what there is about her," he went on, in a gentle voice. "All the fellows down there were head over ears in love with her. I asked—in fact I went down to Farmborough in hopes of meeting her again. I never saw such a sweet young creature, never. I never spoke to her in my life."

"But you know her father?" I asked.

"Old Barly? Yes," said Guy. "His wife was my father's cousin, and we are each other's trustees for some money which was divided between me and Mrs. Barly. My parents never kept up with them much, but I was named trustee in my father's place when he died. I didn't like to refuse. I had never seen Belinda then. Do you like sweet, sleepy eyes that wake up now and then? Was that my mother calling?" For a minute he had forgotten the dreary present. It all came rushing back again. The bed creaked, the patient had moved a little on her pillow, and there was a gleam of some intelligence in her pinched face. The clock struck four in quick, tinkling tones; the rain seemed to have ceased, and the clouds to be parting; the rooms turned suddenly chill, though the fires were burning.

When I went home about five o'clock, all the stars had come out and were shooting brilliantly overhead. The garden seemed full of a sudden freshness and of secret life stirring in the darkness; the sick woman's light was burning faintly, and in my own window the little bright lamp was flickering which H.'s kind fingers had trimmed and put there ready for me when I should return. When we reached the little gate, Guy opened it and let me pass under some dripping green creeper which had been blown loose from the wall. He took my cold hand in both his big ones, and began to say something that ended in a sort of inarticulate sound, as he turned away and trudged back to his post again. I thought of the many meetings and partings at this little postern gate, and last words and protestations. Some may have been more sentimental, perhaps, than this one, but Guy's grunt of gratitude was more affecting to me than many a long string of words. I felt very sorry for him, poor old fellow, as I barred the door and climbed upstairs to my room. He sat up watching till the morning. But I was tired and soon went to sleep.

II.

Some people do very well for a time. Chances are propitious; the way lies straight before them up a gentle inclined plane, with a pleasant prospect on either side. They go rolling straight on, they don't exactly know how, and take it for granted that it is their own prudence and good driving and deserts which have brought them prosperously so far upon their journey. And then one day they come to a turnpike and destiny pops out of its little box and demands a toll, or prudence trips, or good sense shies at a scarecrow put up by the wayside—or nobody knows why, but the whole machine breaks down on the road and can't be set going again. And then other vehicles go past it, hand-trucks, perambulators, cabs, omnibuses, and great prosperous barouches, and the people who were sitting in the broken-down equipage get out and walk away on foot.

On that celebrated and melancholy Black Monday of which we have all heard; poor John Barly and his three daughters came down the carpeted steps of their comfortable sociable for the last time, and disappeared at the wicket of a little suburban cottage—disappeared out of the prosperous, pompous, highly respectable circle in which they had gyrated, dragged about by two fat bay horses, in the greatest decorum and respectability; dining out, receiving their friends, returning their civilities. Miss Barlys had left large cards with their names engraved upon them, in return for other large cards upon which were inscribed equally respectable names, and the addresses of other equally commodious family mansions. A mansion—so the house-agents tell us—is a house like another with the addition of a back staircase. The Barlys and all their friends had back staircases to their houses and to their daily life as well. They only wished to contemplate the broad, swept, carpeted drawing-room flights. Indeed, to Anna and Fanny Barly, this making the best of things, card-leaving and visiting, seemed a business of vital importance. The youngest of the girls, who had been christened by the pretty silly name of Belinda, had only lately come home from school, and did not value these splendors and proprieties so highly as her sisters did. She had no great love for the life they led. Sometimes looking over the balusters of their great house in Capulet Square, she had yawned out loud from very weariness, and then she would hear the sound echoing all the way up to the skylight and reverberating down from baluster to baluster. If she went into the drawing-room, instead of the yawning echoes the shrill voices of Anna and of Fanny were vibrating monotonously as they complimented Lady Ogden upon her new barouche, until Belinda could bear it no longer, and would jump up and run away to her bedroom to escape it all. She had a handsome bedroom, draped in green damask, becarpeted, four-posted, with an enormous mahogany wardrobe, of which poor Belle was dreadfully afraid, for the doors would fly open of their own accord in the dead of night, revealing dark abysses and depths unknown, with black ghosts hovering suspended or motionless and biding their time. There were other horrors: shrouds waving in the blackness, feet stirring, and low creakings of garrotes, which she did not dare to dwell upon, as she hastily locked the doors and pushed the writing-table against them.

It must, therefore, be confessed, that to Belinda the days had been long and oppressive sometimes in this handsomely appointed Tyburnean palace. Anna, the eldest sister, was queen-regnant; she had both ability and inclination to take the lead. She was short, broad, and dignified, and some years older than either of her sisters. Her father respected her business-like mind, admired her ambition, regretted sometimes, secretly, that she had never been able to make up her mind to accept any of the eligible young junior partners, the doctor, the curate, who had severally proposed to her. But then, of course, as Anna often said, they could not possibly have got on without her at home. She had been in no hurry to leave the comfortable kingdom where she reigned in undisputed authority, ratifying the decisions of the ministry downstairs, appealed to by the butler, respectfully dreaded by both the housemaids. Who was there to go against her? Mr. Barly was in town all day and left everything to her; Fanny, the second sister, was her faithful ally. Fanny was sprightly, twenty-one, with black eyes, and a curl that was much admired. She was fond of fashion, flirting, and finery; inquisitive, talkative, feeble-minded, and entirely devoted to Anna. As for Belle, she had only come back from school the other day. Anna could not quite understand her at times. Fanny was of age, and content to do as she was bid; here was Belle, at eighteen, asserting herself very strangely. Anna and Fanny seemed to pair off somehow and Belle always had to hold her own without assistance, unless, indeed, her father was present. He had a great tenderness and affection for his youngest child, and the happiest hour of the day to Belinda was when she heard him come home and call for her in his cheerful, quavering voice. By degrees it seemed to her, as she listened, that the cheerfulness seemed to be dying out of his voice, and only the quaver remained; but that may have been fancy and because she had taken a childish dislike to the echoes in the house.

At dinner-time Anna used to ask her father how things were going in the city, and whether shirtings had risen any higher, and at what premium the Tre Rosas shares were held in the market. These were some shares in a Cornish mine company of which Mr. Barly was a director. Anna thought so highly of the whole concern that she had been anxious to invest a portion of her own and her sister Fanny's money in it. They had some small inheritance from their mother, of part of which they had the control when they came of age; the rest was invested in the Funds in Mr. Griffith's name, and could not be touched. Poor Belle, being a minor, had to be content with sixty pounds a year for her pin-money, which was all she could get for her two thousand pounds.

When Anna talked business Mr. Barly used to be quite dazzled by her practical clear-headedness, her calm foresight, and powers of rapid calculation. Fanny used to prick up her ears and ask, shaking her curls playfully, how much girls must have to be heiresses, and did Anna think they should ever be heiresses? Anna would smile and nod her head, in a calm and chastened sort of way, at this childish impatience.

"You should be very thankful, Frances, for all you have to look to, and for your excellent prospects. Emily Ogden, with all her fine airs, would not be sorry to be in your place."

At which Fanny blushed up bright red, and Belinda jumped impatiently upon her chair, blinking her white eyelids impatiently over her clear gray eyes, as she had a way of doing.

"I can't bear talking about money," said she; "anything is better . . . ." Then she too stopped short and blushed.

"Papa," interrupted Fanny, playfully, "when will you escort us to the pantomime again? The Ogdens are all going next Tuesday, and you have been most naughty, and not taken us anywhere for such a long time."

Mr. Barly, who rarely refused anything anybody asked him, pushed his chair away from the table and answered, with strange impatience for him,

"My dear, I have had no time lately for plays and amusements of any sort. After working from morning to night for you all, I am tired, and want a little peace of an evening. I have neither spirits nor—"

"Dear papa," said Belinda, eagerly, "come up into the drawing-room and sit in the easy-chair, and let me play you to sleep."

As she spoke, Belinda smiled a delightful fresh, sweet, tender smile, like sunshine falling on a fair landscape. No wonder the little stock-broker was fond of his youngest daughter. Frances was pouting. Anna frowned slightly as she looked up the wine and turned over in her mind whether she might not write to the Ogdens and ask them to let Frances join the party. As for Belinda, playing Mozart to her father in the dim drawing-room upstairs, she was struck by the worn and harrassed look in his face as he slept, snoring gently in accompaniment to her music. It was the last time Belle ever played upon the old piano. Three or four days after, the crash came. The great Tre Rosas Mining Company (Limited) had failed, and the old-established house of Barly & Co. unexpectedly stopped payment.

If poor Mr. Barly had done it on purpose, his ruin could not have been more complete and ingenious. When his affairs came to be looked into, and his liabilities had been met, it was found that an immense fortune had been muddled away, and that scarcely anything would be left but a small furnished cottage, which had been given for her life to an old aunt just deceased, and which reverted to Fanny, her god-child, and the small sum which still remained in the three per cents, of which mention has been made, and which could not be touched until Belle, the youngest of three daughters, should come of age.

After two or three miserable days of confusion—during which the machine which had been set going with so much trouble still revolved once or twice with the force of its own impetus, the butler answering the bell, the footman bringing up the coals, the cook sending up the dinner as usual—suddenly everything collapsed, and the great mass of furniture, servants, human creatures, animals, carriages, business and pleasure engagements, seemed overthrown together in a great struggling mass, panting and bewildered and trying to get free from the confusion of particles that no longer belonged to one another.

First the cook packed up her things and some nice damask table-cloths and napkins, a pair of sheets, and Miss Barly's umbrella, which happened to be hanging in the hall; then the three ladies drove off with their father to the cottage, where it was decided they should go to be out of the way of any unpleasantness. He had no heart to begin again, and was determined to give up the battle. Belle sat with her father on the back seat of the carriage, looking up into his haggard face a little wistfully, and trying to be as miserable as the others. She could not help it—a cottage in the country, ruin, roses, novelty, clean chintzes instead of damask, a little room with mignonette, cocks crowing, had a wicked, morbid attraction for her which she could not overcome. She had longed for such a life when she had gone down to stay with the Ogdens at Farmborough last month, and had seen several haystacks and lovely little thatched cottages, where she had felt she would have liked to spend the rest of her days: one in particular had taken her fancy, with dear little latticed windows and a pigeon-cote, and two rosy little babies with a kitten toddling out from the ivy porch; but a great rough-looking man had come up in a slouched wide-awake and frightened Emily Ogden so much that she had pulled Belinda away in a hurry . . . but here a sob from Fanny brought Belle back to her place in the barouche.

Anna felt that she must bear up, and nerved herself to the effort. Upon her the blow fell more heavily than upon any of the others. Indignant, injured, angry with her father, furious with the managers, the directors, the shareholders, the secretary, the unfortunate company, with the Bankruptcy Court, the Ogdens, the laws of fate, the world in general, with Fanny for sobbing, and with Belle for looking placid, she sat blankly staring out of the window as they drove past the houses where they had visited, and where she had been entertained an honored guest; and now—she put the hateful thought away—bankrupt, disgraced! Her bonnet was crushed in; she did not say a word; but her face looked quite fierce and old, and frightened Fanny into fresh lamentations. These hysterics had been first brought on by the sight of Emily Ogden driving by in the new barouche. This was quite too much for her poor friend's fortitude.

"Emily will drop us, I know she will," sobbed Fanny. "Oh, Anna! will they ever come and ask us to their Thursday luncheon-parties any more?"

"My children," said Mr. Barly, with a placid groan, pulling up the window, "we are disgraced; we can only hide our heads away from the world. Do not expect that any one will ever come near us again." At which announcement Fanny went off into new tears and bewailings. As for the kind, bewildered, weak-headed, soft-hearted little man, he had been so utterly worn out, harrassed, worried, and wearied of late, that it was almost a relief to him to think that this was indeed the case. He sat holding Belle's hand in his, stroking and patting it, and wondering that people so near London did not keep the roads in better repair. "We must be getting near our new abode," said he at last almost cheerfully.

"You speak as if you were glad of our shame, papa," said Anna, suddenly, turning round upon him.

"Oh, hush!" cried Belle, indignantly. Fortunately the coachman stopped at this moment on a spot a very long way off from Capulet Square; and, leaning from his box, asked if it was that there little box across the common.

"Oh, what a sweet little place!" cried Belinda. But her heart rather sank as she told this dreadful story.

Myrtle Cottage was a melancholy little tumbledown place, looking over Dumbleton Common, which they had been crossing all this time. It was covered with stucco, cracked and stained and mouldy. There was a stained-glass window, which was broken. The verandа wanted painting. From outside it was evident that the white muslin curtains were not so fresh as they might have been. There was a little garden in front, planted with durable materials. Even out of doors, in the gardens in the suburbs, the box-edge, the laurel-bushes, and the fusty old jessamines are apt to look shabby in time, if they are never renewed. A certain amount of time and money might, perhaps, have made Myrtle Cottage into a pleasant little habitation; but (judging from appearances) its last inhabitants seemed to have been in some want of both these commodities. Its helpless new occupants were not likely to have much of either to spare. A little dining-room, with glass drop candlesticks and a rickety table, and a print of a church and a dissenting minister on the wall. A little drawing-room, with a great horse-hair sofa, a huge round table in the middle of the room, and more glass drop candlesticks, also a small work-table of glass over faded worsted embroidery. Four little bedrooms, mousey, musty, smuffy, with four-posts as terrific as any they had left behind, and a small, black dungeon for a maid-servant. This was the little paradise which Belle had been picturing to herself all along the road, and at which she looked round half-sighing, half-dismayed. Their bundles, baskets, blankets were handed in, and a cart full of boxes had arrived. Fanny's parrot was shrieking at the top of its voice on the narrow landing.

"What fun!" cried Belinda, sturdily, instantly setting to work to get things into some order, while Fanny lay exhausted upon the horse-hair sofa; and Anna, in her haughtiest tones, desired the coachman to drive home, and stood watching the receding carriage until it had dwindled away into the distance—coachman, hammer-cloth, bay horses, respectability, and all. When she re-entered the house the parrot was screeching still, and Martha, the under-housemaid—now transformed into a sort of extract of butler, footman, ladies'-maid, and cook—was frying some sausages, of which the vulgar smell pervaded the place.

III.

Belle exclaimed, but it required all her courage and natural brightness of spirit to go on looking at the bright side of things, praising the cottage, working in the garden, giving secret assistance to the two bewildered maids who waited on the reduced little family, cheering her father, smiling, and putting the best face on things, as her sisters used to do at home. If it had been all front stairs in Capulet Square, it was all back stairs at the cottage. Rural roses, calm sunsets, long shadows across the common are all very well; but when puffs of smoke come out of the chimney and fill the little place; when, if the window is opened, a rush of wind and dust—worse than smoke—comes eddying into the room, and careers round the four narrow walls; when poor little Fanny coughs and shudders, and wraps her shawl more closely round her with a groan; when the smell of the kitchen frying-pan perfumes the house, and a mouse scampers out of the cupboard, and black beetles lie straggling in the milk-jugs, and the pump runs dry, and spiders crawl out of the tea-caddy, and so forth; then, indeed, Belle deserves some credit for being cheerful under difficulties. She could not pretend to very high spirits, but she was brisk and willing, and ready to smile at her father's little occasional puns and feeble attempts at jocularity. Anna, who had been so admirable as a general, broke down under the fatigue of the actual labor in the trenches which belonged to their new life. A great many people can order others about very brilliantly and satisfactorily, who fail when they have to do the work themselves.

Some of the neighbors called upon them, but the Ogdens never appeared. Poor little Fanny used to take her lace-work, and sit stitching and looping her thread at the window which overlooked the common and its broad roads, crossing and recrossing the plain; carriages came rolling along, people came walking, children ran past the windows of the little cottage; but the Ogdens never. Once Fanny thought she recognized the barouche,—Lady Ogden and Emily sitting in front, Matthew Ogden on the back seat; surely, yes, surely it was him. But the carriage rolled off in a cloud of dust, and disappeared behind the wall of the neighboring park; and Frances finished the loop, and passed her needle in and out of the muslin, feeling as if it was through her poor little heart that she was piercing and sticking; she pulled out a long thread, and it seemed to her as if the sunset stained it red like blood.

In the meanwhile, Belle's voice had been singing away overhead, and Fanny, going upstairs presently, found her, with one of the maids, clearing out one of the upper rooms. The window was open, the furniture was piled up in the middle. Belle, with her sleeves tucked up, and her dress carefully pinned out of the dust, was standing on a chair, hammer in hand, and fixing up some dimity curtains against the window. Table-cloths, brooms, pails and brushes were lying about, and everything looked in perfect confusion. As Fanny stood looking and exclaiming, Anna also came to the door from her own room, where she had been taking a melancholy nap.

"What a mess you are making here!" cried the elder sister, very angrily. "How can you take up Martha's time, Belinda? And oh! how can your forget yourself to this degree? You seem to *exult* in your father's disgrace." Belinda flushed up.

"Really, Anna, I do not know what you mean," said she, turning round, vexed for a minute, and clasping a long curtain in both arms. "I could not bear to see my father's room looking so shabby and neglected; there is no disgrace in attending to his comfort. See, we have taken down those dusty curtains, and we are going to put up some others," said the girl, springing down from the chair and exhibiting her treasures.

"And pray where is the money to come from," said Anna, "to pay for these wonderful changes?"

"They cost no money," said Belinda, laughing. "I made them myself with my own two hands. Don't you remember my old white dress that you never liked, Anna? Look how I have pricked my finger. Now, go down," said the girl, in her pretty, imperative way, "and don't come up again till I call you."

Go down at Belle's bidding. . . . .

Anna went off fuming, and immediately set to work also, but in a different fashion. She unfortunately found that her father had returned, and was sitting in the little sitting-room down below by himself, with a limp paper of the day before him open upon his knee. He was not reading. He seemed out of spirits, and was gazing in a melancholy way at the smouldering fire, and rubbing his bald head in a perplexed and troubled manner. Seeing this, the silly woman, by way of cheering and comforting the poor old man, began to exclaim at Belinda's behavior, to irritate him, and overwhelm him with allusions and reproaches.

"Scrubbing and slaving with her own hands," said Anna. "Forgetting herself; bringing us down lower indeed than we are already sunk. Papa, she will not listen to me. You should tell her that you forbid her to put us all to shame by her behavior."

When Belle, panting, weary, triumphant, and

with a blackened nose and rosy cheek, opened the door of the room presently, and called her father exultingly, she did not notice, as she ran upstairs before him, how wearily he followed her. A flood of light came from the dreary little room overhead. It had been transformed into a bower of white dimity, bright windows, clean muslin blinds. The fusty old carpet was gone, and a clean crumb-cloth had been put down, with a comfortable rug before the fireplace. A nosegay of jessamine stood on the chimney, and at each corner of the four-post bed, the absurd young decorator had stuck a smart bow, made out of some of her own blue ribbons, in place of the terrible plumes and tassels which had waved there in dust and darkness before. One of the two arm-chairs which blocked up the wall of the dining-room had been also covered out of some of Belinda's stores, and stood comfortably near the open window. The sun was setting over the great common outside, behind the mist and the distant fringe of elm-trees. Martha, standing all illuminated by the sunshine, with her mop in her hand, was grinning from ear to ear, and Belle turned and rushed into her father's arms. But Mr. Barly was quite overcome.

"My child," he said, "why do you trouble yourself so much for me? Your sister has told me all. I don't deserve it. I cannot bear that you should be brought to this. My Belle working and slaving with your own hands through my fault,—through my fault."

The old man sat down on the side of the bed by which he had been standing, and laid his face in his hands, in a perfect agony of remorse and regret. Belinda was dismayed by the result of her labors. In vain she tried to cheer him and comfort him. The sweeter she seemed in his eyes, the more miserable the poor father grew at the condition to which he had brought her.

For many days after he went about in a sort of despair, thinking what he could do to retrieve his ruined fortunes, and if Belinda still rose betimes to see to his comfort and the better ordering of the confused little household, she took care not to let it be known. Anna came down at nine, Fanny at ten. Anna would then spend several hours regretting her former dignities, reading the newspaper and the fashionable intelligence, while the dismal strains of Fanny's piano (there was a jangling piano in the little drawing-room) streamed across the common. To a stormy spring, with wind flying, and dust dashing against the window-pans, and gray clouds swiftly bearing across the wide, open country, had succeeded a warm and brilliant summer, with sunshine flooding and spreading over the country. Anna and Fanny were able to get out a little now, but they were soon tired, and would sit down under a tree and remark to one another how greatly they missed their accustomed drives. Belinda, who had sometimes at first disappeared now and then to cry mysteriously a little bit by herself over her troubles, now discovered that at eighteen, with good health and plenty to do, happiness is possible, even without a carriage.

One day Mr. Barly, who still went into the city from habit, came home with some news which had greatly excited him. Wheal Tre Rosas, of which he still held a great many shares, which he had never been able to dispose of, had been giving some signs of life. A fresh call was to be made: some capitalist, with more money than he evidently knew what to do with, had been buying up a great deal of the stock. The works were to be resumed. Mr. Barly had always been satisfied that the concern was a good one. He would give everything he had, he told Anna that evening, to be able to raise enough money now to buy up more of the shares. His fortune was made if he could do so; his children replaced in their proper position, and his name restored. Anna was in a state of greater flutter, if possible, than her father himself. Belle sighed; she could not help feeling doubtful, but she did not like to say much on the subject.

"Papa, this Wheal has proved a very treacherous wheel of fortune to us," she hazarded, blushing, and bending over her sewing; "we are very, very happy as we are."

"Happy?" said Anna, with a sneer.

"Really, Belinda, you are too romantic," said Fanny, with a titter; while Mr. Barly cried out, in an excited way, "that she should be happier yet, and all her goodness and dutifulness should be rewarded in time." A sort of presentiment of evil came over Belinda, and her eyes filled up with tears; but she stitched them away and said no more.

Unfortunately the only money Mr. Barly could think of to lay his hands upon was that sum in the three per cents. upon which they were now living; and even if he chose he could not touch any of it, until Belinda came of age; unless, indeed, young Mr. Griffiths would give him permission to do so.

"Go to him, papa," cried Anna, enthusiastically. "Go to him; entreat, insist upon it, if necessary."

All that evening Anna and Frances talked over their brilliant prospects.

"I should like to see the Ogdens again," said poor little Fanny.

"Perhaps we shall if we go back to Capulet Square."

"Certainly, certainly," said Anna.

"I have heard that this Mr. Griffiths is a most uncouth and uncivilized person to deal with," continued Miss Barly, with her finger on her chin. "Papa, wouldn't it be better for me to go to Mr. Griffiths instead of you?" This, however, Mr. Barly would not consent to.

Anna could hardly contain her vexation and spite when he came back next day dispirited, crestfallen, and utterly wretched and disappointed. Mr. Griffiths would have nothing to say to it.

"What's the good of a trustee," said he to Mr. Barly, "if he were to let you invest your money in such a speculative chance as that? Take my advice, and sell out your shares now, if you can, for anything you can get."

"A surly, disagreeable fellow," said poor old Mr. Barly. "I heartily wish he had nothing to do with our affairs."

Anna fairly stamped with rage. "What insolence, when it is our own! Papa, you have no spirit to allow such interference."

Mr. Barly looked at her gravely, and said he should not allow it. Anna did not know what he meant.

Belinda was not easy about her father all this time. He came and went in an odd, excited sort of way, stopping short sometimes as he was walking across the room, and standing absorbed in thought. One day he went into the city unexpectedly about the middle of the day, and came back looking quite odd, pale, with curious eyes; something was wrong, she could not tell what. In the meantime Wheal Tre Rosas seemed, spite of Mr. Griffiths' prophecies, to be steadily rising in the world. More business had been done; the shares were a trifle higher. A meeting of directors was convened, and actually a small dividend was declared at midsummer. It really seemed as if there was some chance after all that Anna should be reinstated in the barouche, in Capulet Square, and her place in society. She and Fanny were half wild with delight. "When we leave,"—was the beginning of every sentence they uttered. Fanny wrote the good news to her friend Miss Ogden, and, under these circumstances, to Fanny's unfeigned delight, Emily Ogden thought herself justified in driving over to the village one fine afternoon and affably partaking of a cracked copfel of five o'clock tea. It was slightly smoked, and the milk was turned. Belinda had gone out for a walk and was not there to see to it at all; I am afraid she did not quite forgive Emily the part she had played, and could not make up her mind to meet her.

One morning Anna was much excited by the arrival of a letter directed to Mr. Barly in great round handwriting, and with a huge seal, all over bears and griffins. Her father was forever expecting news of his beloved Tre Rosas, and he broke the seal with some curiosity. But this was only an invitation to dine and sleep at Castle Gardens from Mr. Griffiths, who said he had an offer to make Mr. Barly, and concluded by saying that he hoped Mr. Barly forgave him for the ungracious part he had been obliged to play the other day, and that, in like circumstances, he would do the same by him.

"I shan't go," said Mr. Barly, a little doggedly, putting the letter down.

"Not go, papa! Why, you may be able to talk him over if you get him quietly to yourself. Certainly you must go, papa," said Anna. "Oh! I'm sure he means to relent. How nice!" said Fanny. Even Belinda thought it was a pity he should not accept the invitation, and Mr. Barly gave way as usual. He asked them if they had any commands for him in town.

"Oh, thank you, papa," said Frances. "If you are going shopping, I wish you would bring me back a blue alpaca, and a white grenadine, and a pink sun-poult, and a—"

"My dear Fanny, that will be quite sufficient for the short time you remain here," interrupted Anna, who went on to give her father several commissions of her own,—some writing-paper stamped with Barly Lodge and their crest in one corner; a jacket with buttons for the knife-boy they had lately engaged upon the strength of their coming good fortune; a new umbrella, house-agent's list of mansions in the neighborhood of Capulet Square, the *Journal des Modes*, and the *New Court Guide*. "Let me see, there was something else," said Anna.

"Belle," said Mr. Barly, "how comes it you ask for nothing? What can I bring you, my child?"

Belle looked up with one of her bright, melancholy smiles, and replied, "If you should see any roses, papa, I think I should like a bunch of roses. We have none in the garden."

"Roses!" cried Fanny, laughing. "I didn't know you cared for anything but what was useful, Belle."

"I quite expected you would ask for a sadee-pan, or a mustard-pot," said Anna, with a sneer.

Belle sighed again, and then the three went and stood at the garden-gate to see their father off. It made a pretty little group for the geese on the common to contemplate,—the two young sisters at the wicket, the elder under the shade of the veranda, Belle upright, smiling, waving her slim hand; she was above the middle height, she had fair hair and dark eyebrows and gray eyes, over which she had a peculiar way of blinking her smooth white eyelids;—and all about, the birds, the soft winds, the great green common with its gorgeous furze-blossom blazing against the low bank of clouds in the horizon. Close at hand a white pony was tranquilly cropping the grass, and two little village children were standing outside the railings, gazing up open-mouthed at the pretty ladies who lived at the cottage.

IV.

The clouds which had been gathering all the afternoon broke shortly before Mr. Barly reached his entertainer's house. He had tried to get there through Kensington Gardens, but could not make out the way, and went wandering round and round in some perplexity under the great trees with their creaking branches. The storm did not last long, and the clouds dispersed at sunset. When Mr. Barly rang at the gate of the villa in Castle Gardens at last that evening he was weary, wet through, and far less triumphant than he had been when he left home in the morning. The butler who let him in gave the bag which he had been carrying to the footman and showed him the way upstairs immediately, to the comfortable room which had been made ready for him. Upholsterers had done the work on the whole better than Belle with all her loving labor. The chairs were softer than her print-covered horse-hair cushions. The wax-lights were burning although it was broad daylight. Mr. Barly went to the bay-window. The garden outside was a sight to see: smooth lawns, arches, roses in profusion and abundance, hanging and climbing and clustering everywhere, a distant gleam of a fountain, of a golden sky, a chirruping and rustling in the bushes and trellises after the storm. The sunset which was lighting up the fern on the rain-sprinkled common was twinkling through the rose-petals here, bringing out odors and aromas and whiffs of delicious scent. Mr. Barly thought of Belle, and how he should like to see her flitting about in the garden and picking roses to her heart's content. As he stood there he thought too with a pang of his wife whom he had lost, and sighed in a sort of despair at the troubles which had fallen upon him of late. What would he not give to undo the work of the last few months, he thought—nay, of the last few days? He had once come to this very house with his wife in their early days of marriage. He remembered it now, although he had not thought of it before.

Sometimes it happens to us all that things which happened ever so long ago seem to make a start out of their proper places in the course of time, and come after us, until they catch us up, as it were, and surround us, so that one can hear the voices, and see the faces and colors, and feel the old sensations and thrills as keenly as at the time they occurred—all so curiously and strangely vivid that one can scarcely conceive it possible that years and years perhaps have passed since it all happened, and that their present shock proceeds from ancient and almost forgotten impulse. And so, as Mr. Barly looked and remembered and thought of the past, a sudden remorse and shame came over him. He seemed to see his wife standing in the garden, holding the roses up over her head, looking like Belle—like, yet unlike. Why is should have been so, at the thought of his wife among the flowers, I cannot tell; but as he remembered her he began to think of what he had done—that he was there in the house of the man he had defrauded—he began to ask himself how could he face him? how could he sit down beside him at table, and break his bread? The poor old fellow fell back with a groan in one of the comfortable arm-chairs. Should he confess? Oh, no—no, that would be the most terrible of all!

What he had done is simply told. When Guy Griffiths refused to let Mr. Barly lay hands on any of the money which he had in trust for his daughters, the foolish and angry old man had sold out a portion of the sum belonging to Mr. Griffiths which still remained in his own name. It had not seemed like dishonesty at the time, but now he would have gladly—oh, how gladly!—awakened to find it all a dream. He dressed mechanically, turning over every possible chance in his own mind. Let Wheal Tre Rosas go on and prosper, the first money should go to repay his loan, and no one should be the wiser. He went down into the library again when he was ready. It was empty still, and, to his relief, the master of the house had not yet come back. He waited a very long time, looking at the clock, at the reviews on the table, at the picture of Mrs. Griffiths, whom he could remember in her youth, upon the wall. The butler came in again to say that his master had not yet returned. Some message had come by a boy, which was not very intelligible—he had been detained in the city. Mrs. Griffiths was not well enough to leave her room, but she hoped Mr. Barly would order dinner—anything he required—and that her son would shortly return.

It was very late. There was nothing else to be done. Mr. Barly found a fire lighted in the great dining-room, dinner laid, one plate and one knife and fork, at the end of the long table. The dinner was excellent—so was the wine. The butler uncorked a bottle of champagne, the cook sent up chickens and all sorts of good things. Mr. Barly almost felt as if he, by some strange metempsychosis, had been converted into the owner of this handsome dwelling, and all that belonged to it. At twelve o'clock Mr. Griffiths had not yet returned, and his guest, after a somewhat perplexed and solitary meal, retired to rest.

Mr. Barly breakfasted by himself again next morning. Mr. Griffiths had not returned all night. In his secret heart Mr. Griffiths' guest was almost relieved by the absence of his entertainer; it seemed like a respite. Perhaps, after all, everything would go well, and the confession, which he had contemplated with such terror the night before, need never be made. For the present, it was clearly no use to wait any longer at the house. Mr. Barly asked for a cab to take him to the station, left his compliments and regrets and a small sum of money behind him, and then, as the cab delayed, strolled out into the front garden to wait for it.

Even in the front court the roses were all abloom; a great snow-cluster was growing over the door-way, a pretty tea-rose was hanging its head over the scraper; against the outer railing which separated the house from the road rose-trees had been planted. The beautiful pink fragrant heads were pushing through the iron railings, and a delicious little rose-wind came blowing in the poor old fellow's face. He began to think—no wonder—of Belle and her fancy for roses, and mechanically, without much reflecting upon what he was about, he stopped and inhaled the ravishing sweet smell of the great dewy flowers, and then put out his hand and gathered one; and as he gathered it a sharp thorn ran into his finger, and a heavy grasp was laid upon his shoulder. . . . . .

"So it is you, is it, who sneak in and steal my roses?" said an angry voice. "Now that I know who it is, I shall give you in charge."

Mr. Barly looked round greatly startled. He met the fierce glare of two dark-brown eyes under shaggy brows that were frowning very fiercely. A broad, thick-set, round-shouldered young man of forbidding aspect had laid hold of him. The young man let go his grasp when he saw the mistake he had made, but did not cease frowning.

"Oh! it is you, Mr. Barly," he said.

"I was just going," said the stockbroker, meekly. "I am glad you have returned in time for me to see you, Mr. Griffiths. I am sorry I took your rose. My youngest daughter is fond of them, and I thought I might, out of all this gardenful—you would not—she had asked—"

There was something so stern and unforgiving in Mr. Griffiths' face that the merchant stumbled in his words, and stopped short, surprised, in the midst of his explanations.

"The roses were not yours, not if there were ten gardens full. I won't have my roses broken off," said Griffiths; "they should be cut with a knife. Come back with me; I want to have a little talk with you, Mr. Barly."

Somehow the old fellow's heart began to beat, and he felt himself turn rather sick.

"I was detained last night by some trouble in my office. One of my clerks in whom I thought I could have trusted, absconded yesterday afternoon. I have been all the way to Liverpool in pursuit of him. What do you think should be done with him?" And Mr. Griffiths, from under his thick eyebrow, gave a quick glance at his present victim, and seemed to expect some sort of answer.

"You prosperous men cannot realize what it is to be greatly tempted," said Mr. Barly, with a faint smile.

"Do you know that Wheal Tre Rosas has come to grief a second time?" said young Mr. Griffiths, abruptly, holding out the morning's *Times*, as they walked along. "I am *not* a prosperous man; I had a great many shares in that unlucky concern."

Poor Barly stopped short and turned quite pale, and began to shake so that he had to put his hand out and lean against the wall. Failed! Was he doomed to misfortune? Then there was never any chance for him—never. No hope! No hope of paying back the debt which weighed upon his conscience. He could not realize it. Failed! The rose had fallen to the ground; the poor unlucky man stood still, staring blankly in the other's grim, unrelenting face.

"I am ruined," he said.

"You are ruined! Is that the worst you have to tell me?" said Mr. Griffiths, still looking piercingly at him. Then the other felt that he knew all.

"I have been very unfortunate—and very much to blame," said Mr. Barly, still trembling; "terribly to blame, Mr. Griffiths. I can only throw myself upon your clemency."

"My clemency! my mercy! I am no philanthropist," said Guy, savagely. "I am a man of business, and you have defrauded me!"

"Sir," said the stockbroker, finding some odd comfort in braving the worst, "you refused to let me take what was my own; I have sold out some of your money to invest in this fatal concern. Heaven knows it was not for myself, but for the sake of—of—others; and I thought to repay you ere long. You can repay yourself now. You need not reproach me any more. You can send me to prison if you like. I—I—don't much care what happens. My Belle, my poor Belle—my poor girls!"

All this time Guy said never a word. He motioned Mr. Barly to follow him into the library. Mr. Barly obeyed, and stood meekly waiting for the coming onslaught. He stood in the full glare of the morning sun, which was pouring through the unblinded window. His poor old scanty head was bent, and his hair stood on end in the sunshine.

His eyes avoiding the glare, went vacantly travelling along the scroll-work on the fender, and so to the coal-scuttle and to the skirting on the wall, and back again. Dishonored,—yes, Bankrupt,—yes. Three-score years had brought him to this—to shame, to trouble. It was a hard world for unlucky people; but Mr. Barly was too much broken, too weary and indifferent, to feel very bitterly even against the world. Meanwhile, Guy was going on with his reflections, and like those amongst us who are still young and strong, he could put more life and energy into his condemnation and judgment of actions done, than the unlucky perpetrators had to give to the very deeds themselves. Some folks do wrong as well as right, with scarcely more than half a mind to it.

"How could you do such a thing?" cried the young man, indignantly, beginning to rush up and down the room in his hasty, clumsy way, knocking against tables and chairs as he went along. "How could you do it?" he repeated. "I learned it yesterday, by chance. What can I say to you that your own conscience should not have told you already? How could you do it?"

Guy had reached the great end window, and stamped with vexation and a mixture of anger and sorrow. For all his fierceness and gruffness, he was sorry for the poor feeble old man, whose fate he held in his hand. There was the garden outside, and its treasure and glory of roses; there was the rose, lying on the ground, that old Barly had taken. It was lying broken and shining upon the gravel—one rose out of the hundreds that were bursting, and blooming, and fainting, and falling on their spreading stems. It was like the wrong old Barly had done his kinsman—one little wrong Guy thought, one little handful out of all his abundance. He looked back, and by chance caught sight of their two figures reflected in the glass at the other end of the room—his own image, the strong, round-backed, broad-shouldered young man, with gleaming white teeth, and black, bristling hair; the feeble and uncertain culprit, with his broken, wandering looks, waiting his sentence. It was not Guy who delivered it. It came—no very terrible one after all—prompted by some unaccountable secret voice and impulse. Have we not all of us sometimes suddenly felt ashamed in our lives in the face of misfortune and sorrow? Are we Pharisees, standing in the market-place, with our phylacteries displayed to the world? We ask ourselves, in dismay, does this man go home justified rather than we? Guy was not the less worthy of his Belinda, poor fellow, because a thought of her crossed his mind, and because he blushed up, and a gentle look came into his eyes, and a shame into his heart—a shame of his strength and prosperousness, of his probity and high honor. When had he been tempted? What was it but a chance that he had been born what he was? And yet old Barly, in all his troubles, had a treasure in his possession for which Guy felt he would give all his good fortune and good repute, his roses—red, white, and golden—his best heart's devotion, which he secretly felt to be worth all the rest. Now was the time, the young man thought, to make that proposition which he had in his mind.

"Look here," said Guy, hanging his great shaggy head, and speaking quickly and thickly, as if he was the culprit instead of the accuser. "You imply it was for your daughter's sake that you cheated me. I cannot consent to act as you would have me do, and take your daughter's money to pay myself back. But if one of them—Miss Belinda, since she likes roses—chooses to come here and work the debt off, she can do so. My mother is in bad health, and wants a companion; she will engage her at—let me see—a hundred guineas a year, and in this way, by degrees, the debt will be cleared off."

"In twenty years!" said Mr. Barly, bewildered, relieved, astonished.

"Yes, in twenty years," said Guy, as if that was the most natural thing in the world. "Go home and consult her, and come back and give me the answer."

And as he spoke, the butler came in to say that the hansom was at the door.

Poor old Barly bent his worn, meek head and went out. He was shaken and utterly puzzled. If Guy had told him to climb up the chimney he would have obeyed. He could only do as he was bid. As it was, he clambered with difficulty into the hansom, told the man to go to the station for Dumbleton, and he was driving off gladly when some one called after the cab. The old man peered out anxiously. Had Griffiths changed his mind? Was his heart hardened like Pharaoh's at the eleventh hour?

It was certainly Guy who came hastily after the cab, looking more awkward and sulky than ever. "Hoy! Stop! You have forgotten the roses for your daughter," said he, thrusting in a great bunch of sweet foam and freshness. As the cab drove along, people passing by looked up and envied the man who was carrying such loveliness through the black and dreary London streets. Could they have seen the face looking out behind the roses they might have ceased to envy.

Belle was on the watch for her father at the garden gate, and exclaimed with delight, as she saw him toiling up the hill from the station with his huge bunch of flowers. She came running to meet him with fluttering skirts and outstretched hands, and sweet smiles gladdening her face. "Oh, papa, how lovely! Have you had a pleasant time?" Her father hardly responded. "Take the roses, Belle," he said. "I have paid for them dearly enough." He went into the house wearily, and sat down in the shabby arm-chair. And then he turned and called Belinda to him wistfully and put his trembling arm round about her. Poor old Barly was no mighty Jephthah; but his feeble old head bent with some such pathetic longing and remorse over his Belle as he drew her to him, and told her, in a few simple, broken words, all the story of what had befallen him in these few hours since he went away. He could not part from her. "I can't, I can't," he said, as the girl put her tender arms round his neck. . . . . .

Guy came to see me a few days after his interview with old Mr. Barly, and told me that his mother had surprised him by her willing acquiescence in the scheme. I could have explained matters to him a little, but I thought it best to say nothing. Mrs. Griffiths had overheard and understood a word or two of what he had said to me that night, when she was taken ill. Was it some sudden remorse for the past? Was it a new-born mother's tenderness stirring in her cold heart, which made her question and cross-question me the next time that I was alone with her? There had often been a talk of some companion or better sort of attendant. When the news came of poor old Barly's failure, it was Mrs. Griffiths herself who first vaguely alluded again to this scheme.

"I might engage one of those girls—the—the—Belinda, I think you called her?"

I was touched, and took her cold hand and kissed it.

"I am sure she would be an immense comfort to you," I said. "You would never regret your kindness."

The sick woman sighed and turned away impatiently, and the result was the invitation to dinner, which turned out so disastrously.

(CONCLUDED NEXT WEEK.)

Truth Stranger than Fiction.

The following story may have been published before, but it must have been a sufficiently long time ago to warrant us in "trotting it out" again:—

A Yankee peddler who had stopped in a restaurant to refresh himself one hot day, heard a very sage-looking old gentleman remark, in answer to a friend, who had been relating some marvellous story, said to be true, "Truly truth is stranger than fiction."

Jonathan whereupon stepped up, and slapping the astonished gent on the back, said—

"You're mistaken right thar, old hoss, it ain't so; and to prov it, I'll bet you the mint juleps for the crowd that I kin tell one fiction that can go a leetle ahead of any truth as ever you hearn tell on."

"Good," said the old gentleman. "I would like to hear any fiction that can go ahead of Christopher Columbus."

"Pahew! Christopher Columbus ain't a sarkumstance," said Jonathan. "But here goes:

"Onst I was standing by a big river, way out in Sahary desert, what was dried up. The sun shone so all-fired hot, that I was obleeged to tie my handkerchief over my eyes to keep from bein' blinded; and as I was standing thar, I happened to look down the river, and seed a large boat without any bottom come floating up the stream, with a hull lot of fellers in her; one of 'em had no eyes, tother no arms—another no legs, and the last chap in the starn of the boat, he had no mouth.

"Gosh! I never seed such a sight afore. I was scared like blazes, and just stood and looked at 'em. Presently the chap as had no eyes looked down and seed a ten cent piece at the bottom of the river, and the feller wot had no arms leant over and picked it up, then handed it to the chap wot had no legs; and he jumpt out of the boat, waded to shore, went over to the grog-shop wot wasn't thar, bought a pint of whiskey, and handed it to the feller as had no mouth, and he drinked it up; and all the rest of 'em got dead drunk; and the last I seed of 'em, the feller wot had no mouth was singing Hail Columby, while the chap wot had no legs was dancing; the no-eyed chap was reading a text out on a psalm-book, and the feller as had no arms was clapping his hands and waving his hat like blazes; and I left jest about that time. Whar's Christopher Columbus now, old hoss?"

"Juleps for the crowd, and charge to me," roared the old gentleman, as he bolted out of the back door.

☞ The Independent, after praising the "orthodox flavor" of the Antwerp raspberries raised on Mr. Beecher's farm at Peekskill, slyly says: "A minister, like any person, is to be judged by his fruits."

☞ About Hens.—A hen is said to have the capacity of laying six hundred eggs and no more—a few in her first year, from three hundred and twenty to three hundred and seventy in the next three, and the rest from the fifth to the ninth inclusive. The true economy, therefore, is not to keep hens after their fourth year.

☞ Lord Brougham gives it as his opinion, in one of his learned papers contributed to the publications of the Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge, that the child receives its unchangeable "bent" of character before its fifth year. If this be so how important are home influences!

☞ The London Saturday Review does not compliment Mr. Longfellow's "Dante," its diction being characterized by that journal as "dry, perhaps captious, and certainly very unidiomatic."

☞ The Kennebec Journal gives the following recipe for making rhubarb jellies: Cut the stalks, steam them until soft, press out the juice, add the sugar, bring the mixture to a boil, and then bottle for use.

☞ A new anæsthetic has come into fashion of late: it is quadrichloride of carbon, which possesses an agreeable smell of quinces, and can produce insensibility in less than a minute. This insensibility may be maintained with or without loss of consciousness; its effects cease speedily when desired, and are not followed by vomiting. It has also been successfully used for obstinate headache.

☞ Relation of Beards and Eyes.—There is an intimate connection between the nerves and muscles of the face and eyes, and allowing the beard to grow strengthens the eye. It is said that surgeons in the French army have proved by experiment in Africa that soldiers wearing their beards are much less liable to disease of the eye, and it is generally conceded that if the custom is to wear the beard the eye retains its lustre and brilliancy much longer.

☞ The Sultan in his travels has a personage whose function is unique. This is a butcher. By the Mohammedan law a true believer must not eat meat which has been slaughtered by Christians, since they do not invoke the Deity while killing cattle for food. So the Sultan's attendant is both a butcher and a priest.

☞ The latest trick for worming money out of farmers is the oak silk-worm. When let out in the morning he runs up oak trees, and comes back at night ready to spin. He will do well if he spins a yarn equal to this.

☞ "Well, wife, you can't say I ever contracted bad habits." "No, sir; you generally expanded them."

A Venetian Story.

The fiend, Belphegor, wishing to marry, ascended to earth, assumed the shape of a young handsome man, and built himself a fine large house; which was no sooner finished and daintily furnished than he introduced himself to the father of a family who had three pretty daughters, and paid court to the eldest. The girl was pleased with the personal appearance of her suitor, the parents were delighted that fortune had provided for her so excellent a match, and very speedily the wedding took place. When the bridegroom had conducted his bride home, he presented her with a very tasteful nosegay, led her to all the rooms in the house, and at last showed her a closed door. "The rest of the house," he informed her, "was entirely at her disposal; but she must not open the closed door under the penalty of death."

Every one who knows the story of Blue Beard—that is to say, every one in Great Britain, Ireland, France, the United States of America, and the British colonies—is already perfectly sure that the young wife, however solemnly she promised to obey her husband's mandate, would break the promise at the first convenient opportunity. Belphegor left home—as he said, to hunt—on the following day, and scarcely was he out of sight than the lady opened the door, and discovered, to her horror, a vast fiery gulf, the flames of which singed the nosegay in her bosom. When the husband returned, the condition of the flowers, like the blood on Blue Beard's key, revealed the act of disobedience. His manner, however, was rather contemptuous than wrathful.

"As you are so anxious," he said, "to see what is behind that door, I will gratify your curiosity myself."

Having spoken these words, he led her to the door, opened it, gave her a little push that sent her down into the gulf, re-closed the door, and walked away as if nothing had happened. The parents of the young lady do not seem to have cared much about her, as a few months afterwards he wooed and won the second daughter, whose fate precisely resembled that of the first.

He then wooed the third sister, who was named Margarita, and who, it is scarcely necessary to state, was much sharper than the other two. She thus reasoned with herself on receiving his proposal:

"The fact that this handsome stranger killed both my sisters is certainly not in his favor; but, on the other hand, I may look far before I find a more brilliant match; and, therefore, all things considered, I may as well accept his offer. Besides, I may be more fortunate than my elders."

The third wedding accordingly took place, and was followed, according to rule, by the gift of the nosegay, and the prohibition. The new bride was even more curious than her sisters, but she was more prudent, and therefore she took the precaution to dip the nosegay into water before she opened the forbidden door; thus breaking off all further connexion between the Venetian tale and the story of Blue Beard.

The open door revealed, not only the fiery gulf, but her two sisters in the midst of the flames; and she now guessed what sort of man she had married. Her first act was to extricate her sisters, and hide them somewhere in the house. Which leads one to conjecture that the gulf was neither so deep nor so hot as it looked.

The freshness of the nosegay, caused by its immersion in the water, convinced Belphegor that his mandate had been obeyed, and he now resolved to live comfortably with his third wife. His affection, however, was not returned, and in a few days the lady requested him to carry three large chests, one after another, home to her parents, without setting any one of them down by the way.

"Mind you, do as I tell you," she said, "for I shall be at the window keeping a sharp eye upon you."

Belphegor promised to obey orders, and on the following morning a chest containing the elder sister was placed on his shoulder. The burden being terribly heavy, he felt much inclined to set it down even before he was out of sight of the house; but his wife cried out:

"Mind what you are about; I'm looking" When he had turned a corner, he thought he had a chance of a little rest, but now the lady in the chest called out:

"No, no, I'm looking at you still." As the voices of the two sisters closely resembled each other, and as Belphegor clearly was not skilled in measuring distances by the ear, he concluded that his wife was still speaking.

"What a wonderful eye my wife must have that she can look around a corner." Such was the sage reflection of Belphegor.

The chest thus arrived safely at the house of the lady's parents; Belphegor being delighted to hand it over to the sole custody of his mother-in-law, and to hurry back home, that he might recruit his exhausted strength with a good breakfast.

The second sister was carried home in exactly the same manner as the first; but now that the turn of the third had come, some modification of the plan was necessary. The subtle lady prepared a stuffed figure, which she placed on the balcony as her representative, and then contrived to slip unseen into the third chest, which was placed on Belphegor's back by his servant. As she was not only sharper but stouter than her sisters, the burden carried by the luckless fiend was considerably heavier than on the two previous days; but if he turned his head, there was the awful figure on the balcony, for which the inhabitant of the chest did vocal duty. Margarita, therefore, was conveyed to her parents with all possible speed, and Belphegor hurried back home for his usual remedy, namely, his breakfast, but he found neither that nor his wife ready to receive him. Mad with rage, he rushed about the house shouting for "Margarita," till at last, looking out of a lower window, he perceived the figure on the upper balcony. As his supposed wife made no answer when he roared forth his complaints of hunger, he rushed into the balcony and gave the figure a blow, which was intended for no more than a box on the ear, but which, meeting a fragile object, sent the head through the air, and revealed the imposition. Again did Belphegor rush about the house, but his wife had clearly fled, and as clearly had she taken all her jewels; for the cases in which they had been kept were empty.

Wronged both as a husband and as a fiend of property, his first impulse, on the discovery of his crowning calamity, was to post off to the residence of his father-in-law, that he might wreak his vengeance. No sooner, however, was the house in sight, than his eyes encountered a fearful apparition. On a small balcony over the door sat all three wives, splitting their sides with laughter.

"Three at once!" shrieked the fiend; and without more ado he plunged back into his original home.

☞ Men are generally like wagons; they rattle prodigiously when there is nothing in them.

THE MARKETS.

FLOUR—The market has been very dull. About 3000 bbls sold at $7@7.50 for superfine; $8@8.50 for old stock extra; $9@9.50 for fresh ground do; $10@12 for old stock and fresh ground Pennsylvania and Ohio family; $13@14 for fair to choice North-West family; and $13@14 ₩ bbl for fancy brands, according to quality. Rye Flour is selling at $8.50@9 ₩ bbl.

GRAIN—There is very little demand for Wheat. About 25,000 bus sold at $2,30@2.36 for fair to prime new red; $2.35@2.40 for choice do; and $2.40@2.70 ₩ bus for Kentucky white, according to quality. Rye—3000 bus sold at from $1.50@1.55 ₩ bus. Corn 35,000 bus sold at $1.25@1.27 for prime yellow; $1.24@1.25 for Western mixed; and $1.19@1.20 ₩ bus for white. Oats—40,000 bus sold at from 50 up to 67c ₩ bus.

PROVISIONS—There is no material change to notice. Small sales are making at 20@20.50 to 21 for new mess Pork; 20 to 22c ₩ lb for plain and fancy bagged Bacon Hams; 17 to 18c for pickled do; 12½c for salt Shoulders, and 13½ to 13¾c ₩ lb for prime Lard in bbls and tcs. Butter—Sales of old at 8@14c, and new at 18@24c. Cheese is quiet; sales at 12@14c. Eggs sell at 24@25c ₩ dozen.

PHILADELPHIA CATTLE MARKETS.

The supply of Beef Cattle during the past week amounted to about 1900 head. The prices realized from 15@17½ cts ₩ lb. 250 Cows brought from $45 to 70 ₩ head. Sheep—12,000 head were disposed of at from 5@5¾c ₩ lb. 3000 Hogs sold at from $10@10.50 ₩ 100 lbs.

3 MONTHS FOR 0.

Look at What we Offer.

American Agriculturist,

Three Months for Nothing.

All new subscribers to the American Agriculturist *for* 1868, *received in September*, 1867, *with the money*, shall receive that paper for October, November and December, 1867, FREE.

The *Agriculturist* is a large periodical of 32 to 40 pages, well printed, and filled with *plain, practical, reliable original* matter, including hundreds of *beautiful* and *instructive* Engravings in every annual volume.

It contains each month a Calendar of Operations to be performed on the Farm, in the Orchard and Garden, in and around the Dwelling, etc.

Circulation—Terms.—The circulation of the *American Agriculturist* (about 150,000) is so large that it can be furnished at the low price of $1.50 a year; four copies, for $5; ten copies, *for* $12; twenty or more, $1 each; single numbers, 15 cents each.

THE BEST FAMILY PAPER.

THE BEST CHILDREN'S PAPER.

THE BEST HORTICULTURAL PAPER.

THE BEST AGRICULTURAL PAPER.

Make all remittances *either by checks or drafts on New York City, payable to the order of Orange Judd & Co., or by Post Office Money-orders, or in Registered Letters.*

ORANGE JUDD & CO.,

41 Park Row, New York.

sep14-2t

BELLS.

TROY BELL FOUNDRY.

CHURCH BELLS,

Chimes and Bells of all Sizes for Churches, Factories, Academies, Steamboats, Plantations, Locomotives, &c.

Made of Pure Bell Metal,

(Copper and Tin.)

HUNG WITH PATENT ROTARY MOUNTINGS, THE BEST IN USE.

FULLY WARRANTED.

FOR CIRCULARS ADDRESS,

JONES & CO., Troy, N. Y

aug30-1y

PENNINGTON INSTITUTE,—23d year began August 29th. Terms reasonable. For Catalogues, address A. F. LASHER, Pennington, N. J. aug30-3m

VASSAR COLLEGE, POUGHKEEPSIE, N. Y., commences its next year, Sept. 19, 1867. The examination of candidates for admission will begin on the 18th of Sept., and continue through the week. As the Trustees have appropriated some of the most desirable rooms in the Professors' houses to the students, about 50 additional students can now be well accommodated. Early applicants will be admitted first if qualified. Circulars, containing all information in regard to conditions of admission, courses of study, educational advantages, expenses, &c., may be had by applying to Mr. JAMES N. SCHOU, Registrar, Vassar College, Poughkeepsie, New York. JOHN H. RAYMOND, President. aug31-3t

ECLECTIC MEDICAL COLLEGE of PENNSYLVANIA.—WINTER SESSION commences OCTOBER 7, 1867. Thirty students taken for $30 per session. No other expenses. For particulars address JOSEPH SITES, M. D., Dean, jy27-13t 699 North Sixth St., Philadelphia

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN EMPLOYED. Picture business. Very profitable. No risk. Seventeen specimen Pictures and Catalogue sent for 15 cents postage. MANSON LANG, sep14-4t 297 Bowery, New York City.

EVERY FAMILY SHOULD HAVE a complete set of PARSON'S SELF-INSTRUCTING CHARTS for cutting Coats, Vests and Pants for men and boys. Complete set consisting of 39 full-sized garments sent to any address on receipt of price, $1. Agents wanted. Exclusive territory given. Send for circular. RUSSELL & PARSONS, sept7-4t Unadilla, New York.

THE BOWEN MICROSCOPE,

Magnifying 500 times, *mailed for* 50 CENTS. THREE *for* $1.00. Address F. F. BOWEN, dec17-tf Box 2220, Boston, Mass.

Royal Insurance Company.

ANNUAL MEETING.

The Annual Meeting of the Shareholders in this Company was held yesterday, at 11 o'clock, at the Central Offices of the Company, North John Street, Liverpool. In the absence, through Parliamentary duties, of the Chairman, Mr. Charles Turner, M. P., the chair was taken by Mr. Brocklebank, the respected Chairman of the Mersey Docks and Harbor Board.

EXTRACTS FROM THE REPORT FOR THE YEAR 1866.

The year 1866, which comprises the period to be embraced in the present Annual Report of the business of the ROYAL INSURANCE COMPANY, has been marked as the previous year was, by conflagrations in some cases individually large, but still more by fires all but unexampled in numbers both here and abroad.

Notwithstanding the facts that again the Revenue of the Company for the year has ultimately turned out to be larger, and that the claims have proved somewhat less than they were estimated, the unsatisfactory result of the entire year is shown by the accounts which will be read to you in detail, giving a final loss on the

FIRE BRANCH

of £88,163 13s. 11d ($440,819).

Whilst it is undoubtedly true that an occasional balance, to the debit, of such a comparatively small sum as this in such large transactions, would be, in itself, of minor consequence, it becomes significant when combined with the results of two successive years, each bearing more or less the same characteristics; and it assumes a still more grave importance when accompanied by reports of kindred establishments exhibiting a like phase of experience over a like period, and especially when some of these count a ratio of disasters far exceeding that which the Directors of this Company have to announce.

This disclosure of an increasing amount of loss attending fire insurance business generally, now shown unmistakably to exist by successive announcements from all sides, and the consequent impression that elements of risk not pre-existing, or, at any rate not so to the same extent, are now in force, have led to an increased caution on the part of the executive of this company in accepting fire proposals, and to other remedial measures referring to the personal character of proposed insurers, which at first sight would have appeared calculated to induce a large reduction in the business of the year.

The impetus, however, of a long continued progression could not even by these means be speedily reduced. It thus ultimately turns out, notwithstanding these retarding influences designedly applied to the business, that, with the exception of one company, whose affairs have been conducted for the last two or three years with considerable vigor, no other insurance office has paid the same increase of fire duty to Government in the year as the "Royal." This is shown by the usual test of the Government returns ordered to be printed by the House of Commons. It is evident, therefore, that if the checks adverted to had not been applied, the advance of the last year would have been equal to that of any year in the records of the establishment.

The fact is, indeed, amply verified by the following comparative statement of the fire business for the last five years, viz.:

	Premiums.
1862	£309,693
1863	341,663
1864	406,403
1865	414,733
1866	447,371

The improvement of rates, shown to have been happily obtained, is, of course, of too recent a date to have had much influence yet on the revenue or profit of the company. It is, however, a matter of satisfaction to announce that, independently of this new advantage, to be regarded prospectively, the operations of the past six months of the present year have been productive of a fair amount of profit. This favorable change has very properly had its influence in the determination of the directors in their recommendation of the amount of dividend and bonus to be declared at this meeting.

LIFE BRANCH.

The present aspect and future prospects of the Life Branch remain as promising as ever, and it is confidently believed that the measures to be announced on this occasion will lead to its increased permanent prosperity.

The report of the last year exhibited the progress of the Company by grouping the Sums Assured into Four quinquennial periods, showing in the

1st	period of 5 years	to 1849	a total sum Assured of	£	274,795
2d	" "	" 1854	" "		733,408
3d	" "	" 1859	" "		1,651,679
4th	" "	" 1866	" "		2,439,415

Two years have now expired of a fresh quinquennial period and it cannot but be deemed satisfactory evidence of great success to find that in those years (1865 and 1866) assurances have been effected to the extent of £1,249,571, being more than the entire five years to the 3d period, viz., to 1859 inclusive.

It can be shown that in these same two years the standard of eligibility has been strictly maintained, as 774 Lives have been declined in the period for no less an aggregate Sum Assured than £415 975 19s 3d.

These figures should not be passed over unheeded, since they indicate clearly the caution still exercised in accepting lives, and they form the weightiest argument to induce good lives to select a Company which gives to its Assurers an entire body of copartners with the best prospects of longevity.

The Directors would again refer to the estimate in the last Actuarial Report of a probable increase to the Life and Annuity Funds of one million sterling in 10 years, or of £100,000 annually during that period. The actual increase to those funds in the past year is £196,165 7s. 6d.

DIVIDEND AND BONUS.

The Directors propose to the proprietors that a dividend be declared of 3s. per share and a bonus of 4s. per share, together 7s. per share, free of income tax.

The considerations which have induced the Directors to propose a continuance of the same dividend and bonus for the present year have been partly anticipated in a preceding paragraph of the report.

It is true that the payment of the Dividend will exhaust the amount remaining at the credit of Profit and Loss standing at the end of the year 1866; as, however, it can be accomplished without encroaching on the amount of Reserve, which will stand as before at the sum of £116 91 19s. 10d., it has been considered consistent with propriety to continue the same amount rather than declare a reduced sum on one occasion, which, from the present somewhat improved aspect of the accounts might possibly not be deemed needful again. Looking at the heavy losses throughout the entire year visiting all parts of the world, and hardly sparing one Insurance Establishment in this or any other country, it was not anticipated (until the accounts were made up and found to exhibit more favorable features than expected) that the Dividend could be paid out of Profit and Loss, leaving the Reserve to stand at the amount at which it stood in the preceding year. There will, moreover, remain a sum of about £46,000, since added to the credit of Profit and Loss on account of the Profits of the present year.

The Proprietors will not fail to draw the following inevitable conclusions from a review of the whole subject:

1st.—That if the adverse experience of the past two years had been carried on to the same extent during the six months of the present year it must have resulted in the declaration of a largely-reduced Dividend, extending through and possibly far beyond the period which marked the continuance of such disasters.

2d.—That the uniform resistance made by the Directors in times past to the declaration of any Dividend likely to be reduced in time to come, is now shown to be in entire accordance with the true government of an Insurance Company; and

3d.—That any future periods of prosperity, when they arrive, should primarily be used to accumulate such a Reserve Fund as will give at least a high degree of probability that any future Dividends declared by the Directors shall be permanently continued.

These are the axioms which fixed themselves on the minds of the first projectors of the Royal Insurance Company, as self-evident truths in their efforts to work out the problem of good management which was then given them to demonstrate. They have been consistently kept in view by the past and present Directors of the Company; and it will doubtless be considered by the shareholders in accordance with their present interests and future expectations of prosperity, that they should be continuously and indefinitely maintained.

CHARLES TURNER, Chairman.

August 8th, 1867.

Mr. Dove also read the various statements of account.

Rates of Advertising.

Thirty cents a line for the first insertion.

Twenty cents for each additional insertion.

☞ Payment is required in advance.

THE

GREAT AMERICAN

Tea Company

HAVE JUST RECEIVED

TWO FULL CARGOES

OF THE

FINEST NEW CROP TEAS,

22,000 HALF CHESTS by ship *Golden State*,
12,000 HALF CHESTS by ship *George Skotton*.

In addition to these large cargoes of Black and Japan Teas, the Company are constantly receiving large invoices of the finest quality of Green Teas from the Moyune districts of China, which are unrivalled for fineness and delicacy of flavor, which they are selling at the following prices:

COLONG (Black), 50c., 60c., 70c., 80c., 100., best $1 ₩ lb.

MIXED (Green and Black), 50c., 60c., 70c., 80c., 90c., best $1 ₩ lb.

ENGLISH BREAKFAST, 50c., 60c., 70c., 80c., 90c., $1, $1 10, best $1 20 ₩ lb.

IMPERIAL (Green), 50c., 60c., 70c., 80c., 90c., $1, $1 10, best $1 20 ₩ lb.

YOUNG HYSON (Green), 50c., 60c., 70c., 80c., 90c., $1, $1 10, best $1 25 ₩ lb.

UNCOLORED JAPAN, 90c., $1, $1 10, best $1 25 ₩ lb.

GUNPOWDER, $1 25, best $1 50 ₩ lb.

Coffees Roasted and Ground Daily.

GROUND COFFEE, 20c., 25c., 30c., 35c., best 40c per lb. Hotels, Saloons, Boarding-house keepers, and Families who use large quantities of Coffee, can economize in that article by using our *French Breakfast and Dinner Coffee*, which we sell at the low price of 20c. per pound, and warrant to give perfect satisfaction.

Consumers can save from 50c. to $1 per lb. by purchasing their Teas of the

GREAT AMERICAN TEA CO.,

Nos. 31 and 33 VESEY STREET.

Post-office Box, 5643 New York City.

We warrant all the goods we sell to give entire satisfaction. If they are not satisfactory they can be returned at our expense within 30 days, and have the money refunded.

Through our system of supplying Clubs throughout the country, consumers in all parts of the United States can receive their Teas at the same prices (with the small additional expense of transportation) as though they bought them at our warehouses in this city.

Some parties inquire of us how they shall proceed to get up a club. The answer is simply this: Let each person wishing to join in a club, say how much tea or coffee he wants, and select the kind and price from our Price List, as published in the paper or in our circulars. Write the names, kinds, and amounts plainly on a list, and when the club is complete send it to us by mail, and we will put each party's goods in separate packages, and mark the name upon them, with the cost, so there need be no confusion in their distribution—each party getting exactly what he orders, and no more. The cost of transportation the members of the club can divide equitably among themselves.

The Funds to pay for the Goods ordered can be sent by Drafts on New York, by Post Office Money Orders, or by Express, as may suit the convenience of the Club. Or, if the amount ordered exceed thirty dollars, we will, if desired, send the Goods by Express, to "collect on delivery."

Hereafter we will send a complimentary package to the party getting up the Club. Our profits are small, but we will be as liberal as we can afford. We send no complimentary package for Clubs of less than $30.

N. B.—All villages and towns where a large number reside, by clubbing together, can reduce the cost of their Teas and Coffees about one-third by sending directly to "The Great American Tea Company."

BEWARE of all concerns that advertise themselves as branches of our Establishment, or copy our name either wholly or in part, as they are base counterfeits. We have no branches, and do not, in any case, authorize the use of our name.

Post-office orders and drafts make payable to the order of The Great American Tea Company. Direct letters and orders to the

GREAT AMERICAN TEA COMP'Y,

Nos. 31 and 33 VESEY ST.

NEW YORK.

Post office Box, 5643 New York City. je22-tf

PALMER'S

1865

PATENT. 10,000 IN USE.

1869 CHESTNUT ST.

PHILADELPHIA.

ASTOR PLACE, NEW YORK. | 19 GREEN ST., BOSTON.

ADDRESS THE INVENTOR,

B. FRANK. PALMER, LL. D. PRES'T A. A. S. M. & M. C's.

These inventions stand approved as the "best" by the most eminent Scientific and Surgical Societies of the world, the inventor having been honored with the award of FIFTY GOLD AND SILVER MEDALS (or "First Prizes"), including the GREAT MEDALS of the WORLD'S EXHIBITIONS IN LONDON AND NEW YORK; also the most Honorary Report of the great SOCIETY OF SURGEONS OF PARIS, giving his Patents place above the ENGLISH and FRENCH.

DR. PALMER gives personal attention to the business of his profession, aided by men of the best qualifications and greatest experience. He is specially commissioned by the GOVERNMENT, and has the patronage of the prominent OFFICERS of the ARMY and NAVY. SIX MAJOR-GENERALS and more than a thousand less distinguished officers and soldiers have worn the PALMER LIMBS on active duty, while still greater numbers of eminent civilians are, by their aid, filling important positions, and effectually conceal their misfortune.

All genuine "PALMER LIMBS" have the name of the inventor affixed.

Pamphlets, which contain the *New Rules for Amputations*, and full information for *persons in want of limbs*, sent free to applicants, by mail or otherwise.

The attention of Surgeons, Physicians, and all persons interested, is most respectfully solicited.

The well-known LINCOLN ARM is also made *solely* by this Company. This Arm has the patronage of the U. S. GOVERNMENT.

To avoid the imposition of PIRATICAL COPYISTS, apply only to DR. PALMER, as above directed. oct30-1y

EVERY MAN HIS OWN PRINTER.

YOUNG AND OLD MAKING MONEY.

The LOWE PRINTING PRESSES are the best and cheapest portable Card and Job Presses ever invented. Price of an Office with Press—$15, $20, $30. Send for a circular to the LOWE PRESS CO., 93 Water St., Boston. je15-6m

Church Choirs are Satisfied

That the best book for their use is "The Jubilate," by L. O. Emerson. Letters from all directions confirm the opinion that no collection of Church Music recently published has given such general satisfaction. Choirs the most fastidious in their tastes and having the reputation of being "very hard to please," have acknowledged it to be just the book they want. Price, $1.25 per copy. $12 a dozen.

OLIVER DITSON & Co., Publishers,
277 Washington St., Boston.
CHARLES H. DITSON & CO.,
711 Broadway, New York.

PRINCE & COS.
AUTOMATIC ORGANS
AND MELODEONS,
Forty thousand are now in use
BUFFALO N.Y. CHICAGO ILL.

aug 31-6m

Mendenhall's Improved Self-Acting

HAND LOOM

Is proving the most useful, economical and profitable machine for family use.

THE FIRST PREMIUM

was awarded to this Loom by the New York State fair, and by every State and county fair where exhibited for the best.

ALL WOOL GOODS,

best Jeans, Cashmet, Tweed, Linsey Linen and Cotton Duck woven on any Loom.

For circulars, price list and samples of cloth woven on the Loom, address with stamp,

A. B. GATES & CO.,
jy13-10 333 Chestnut St., Philadelphia.

628. HOOP SKIRTS 628.

Of "Our Own Make" are manufactured expressly to meet the wants of First Class and most Fashionable Trade, and embrace an assortment replete with every new and desirable style, size, and length of Ladies', Misses', and Children's Hoop Skirts, both plain and Gore Trails, which for symmetry of style, finish, lightness, elasticity, durability and cheapness, are much superior to any other Single or Double Spring Skirt in the American market. Every lady should try them, as we warrant satisfaction.

Wholesale and Retail at Manufactory and Salesroom, No. 628 ARCH St.

Catalogue corrected monthly of Sizes, Styles, and Prices at Retail sent to any address

novl6-1y WM. T. HOPKINS.

UNIVERSAL SUFFRAGE

AND

FEMALE SUFFRAGE.

By A REPUBLICAN (not a "Radical").

This is a 12mo., containing 116 pages, and is devoted to a calm and moderate discussion of the Suffrage Question—the author contending that the Suffrage, should be Qualified, and *not* Unqualified and Universal.

Reasons are given against Universal Negro Suffrage, and also against Female Suffrage.

The work will be forwarded by mail (postage prepaid) on the receipt of the price, 50 cents, by the publishers, J. B. LIPPINCOTT & CO.

jy13-tf No. 715 Market St., Philadelphia.

"ECONOMY IS WEALTH."—Franklin.

WHY will people pay $50 or $100 for a Sewing Machine, when $25 will buy a better one for all PRACTICAL purposes? Notwithstanding reports to the contrary, the subscribers beg to inform their numerous friends that the "FRANKLIN" and "MEDALLION" Machines can be had in any quantity. This machine is a double thread, constructed upon entirely new principles, and DOES NOT infringe upon any other in the world. It is emphatically the poor man's Sewing Machine, and is warranted to excell ALL others as thousands of patrons will testify.

☞ AGENTS WANTED.—Machines sent to Agents on trial, and given away to families who are needy and deserving. Address J. C. OTTIS & CO., Boston, Mass. my18-6m

PENNSYLVANIA CENTRAL RAILROAD

SUMMER TIME, TAKING EFFECT JUNE 2nd, 1867.

The trains of the Pennsylvania Central R. R. leave the Depot, at 31st and Market Streets, which is reached directly by the cars of the Market Street Passenger Railway. Those of the Chestnut and Walnut Street Railway run within one square of it.

ON SUNDAYS—The Market Street cars leave Front and Market Streets 35 minutes before the departure of each train.

Sleeping Car Tickets can be had on application at the Ticket Office, North-West corner of Ninth and Chestnut Streets.

AGENTS OF THE UNION TRANSFER COMPANY will call for and deliver baggage at the Depot. Orders left at No. 901 Chestnut Street, or No. 1 South Eleventh Street, will receive attention.

TRAINS LEAVE DEPOT, VIZ.:

MAIL TRAIN	8.00	A.M.
PAOLI ACCOMMODATION, No. 1	10.00	"
FAST LINE & ERIE EXPRESS	12.10	P.M.
PAOLI ACCOMMODATION, No. 2	1.00	"
HARRISBURG ACCOMMODATION,	2.30	"
LANCASTER ACCOMMODATION,	4.00	"
PARKESBURG TRAIN	5.30	"
WESTERN ACCOM TRAIN	6.40	"
CINCINNATI EXPRESS	7.30	"
ERIE MAIL	7.30	"
PHILADELPHIA EXPRESS	11.15	"
PAOLI ACCOMMODATION, No. 3	9.00	"

Erie Mail leaves daily, except Saturday.

Philadelphia Express leaves daily. All other trains daily, except Sunday.

THE WESTERN ACCOMMODATION TRAIN runs daily, except Sunday. For full particulars as to fare and accommodations apply to FRANCIS FUNK, Agent, 137 Dock Street.

TRAINS ARRIVE AT DEPOT, VIZ.:

CINCINNATI EXPRESS	1.15	A.M.
PHILADELPHIA EXPRESS	7.10	"
ERIE MAIL	7.10	"
PAOLI ACCOMMODATION, No. 1	8.20	"
PARKESBURG TRAIN	9.20	"
LANCASTER TRAIN	12.40	P.M.
FAST LINE AND ERIE EXPRESS	1.10	"
PAOLI ACCOMMODATION, No. 2	4.10	"
DAY EXPRESS	6.20	"
PAOLI ACCOMMODATION, No. 3.	7.00	"
HARRISBURG ACCOM.	9.50	"

For further information, apply to

JOHN C. ALLEN, Ticket Agent, 901 Chestnut St.
SAMUEL E. WALLACE, Ticket Agent, at the Depot.

The Pennsylvania Railroad Co. will not assume any risk for Baggage, except for Wearing Apparel, and limit their responsibility to One Hundred Dollars in value. All Baggage exceeding that amount in value, will be at the risk of the owner, unless taken by special contract.

EDWARD H. WILLIAMS,
ap7-tf *Gen'l Supt., Altoona, Pa.*

WEALTH WITHOUT LABOR.—Mystic Art, Ventriloquism, Hidden Secrets, &c., 500 New Wonders! Only 5 cts. Address J. B. W. HILTON, Williamsburg, New York. mar16-14t*ow

WHISKERS.—DR. LAMONTE'S CORROLIA will force Whiskers on the smoothest face, or Hair on Bald Heads. Never known to fail. Sample sent for 10 cents. Address REEVES & CO., 78 Nassau St., New York. jy6-1y

INVALID YOUNG MEN, suffering from debility, after having swung round the entire circle of quackery, send your address to a convalescent, the SON OF AN EMINENT PHYSICIAN, and TRY THE PRACTICE OF A PRACTICAL MAN. Address, with stamp, P. O. Box 2015, St. Louis, Missouri. aug31-7t

WIT AND HUMOR.

WHAT SHE SAID.

"O, I recall her tone," said Tom,
"As sweet as any forest bird's;
The thrush she might have learned it from,
And after fashioned it to words."

"How blest a man," cried Ned, "you are!
Such charms the coldest heart would woo;
Last eve I watched you from afar—
You sought her door—I envied you!"

"Indeed," said Tom, "I fancied not
You watched my step—'twas after dark.
But she—O ne'er shall be forgot
Her simple and her sole remark!

"What did she say?" cried ardent Ned.
"Ah," Tom replied, with twinge of pain,
"'Twixt you and me, she—well, she said,
'Thomas, you needn't come again.'"

A Good Story.

They tell a story of how the Rev. Dr. Bethune—now dead—a wit, a scholar and an eloquent divine—was once put in a queer position by an intimate friend.

The doctor at the time was settled over a congregation in Brooklyn, and was very popular. A Connecticut congregation gave him a call, and "called" a thousand dollars per annum better than the Brooklyn people. But he had formed a strong attachment to his parishioners, and, thinking that his sphere of service could not be changed to advantage, he was not tempted by an increase of salary. So he remained, to the great delight of his people.

All of the doctor's parishioners were not saints. There were a few sinners among them, else why preach the gospel? And among the last was a jovial pew-holder, fond of lush, and apt at all times to get more than he could conveniently carry. Neither was he particular at what time of the day he got drunk. He suited his inclination and had no method in his cups.

Bilkins—well, that was not his name, but it will do—Bilkins heard of the doctor's refusal, and he was delighted. In the very height of his pleasure he crossed Fulton Ferry carrying about a quart of brandy.

Dr. Bethune crossed in the same boat, carrying an umbrella.

The brandy carrier happened to catch sight of the umbrella carrier, and at once staggered toward him, exclaiming in his loudest tones:

"How do you do, Dr. Bethune? Let me take your—hic—hand, my dear sir-r-r-r! I am proud to testify-yi-yi my respect for you, sir."

"Speak a little lower, sir, if you please, Mr. Bilkins," murmured Dr. Bethune.

"Yes-s-s, sir! you've stood by our pulpit like a man. Them cussed nutmeg-grinding, ham-carving Yankees wanted to take you away from us—offered you a thousand dollars a year more—did they?"

By this time the attention of the crowd was fixed on the couple. Dr. Bethune's face was always florid, but now it was on fire.

His interlocutor continued:

"Our people have got to make up that thousand dollars—got to! If they don't, I'll do it myself. S-s-s-see if I don't!"

"But, my dear sir," remonstrated the doctor, *sotto voce*, "speak a little lower. You are drawing—"

"Yes-s-s-s," interrupted the other. "I know what you said. You spurned the offer. You s-s-said you wouldn't go—not an inch. You told them, as a good and pious clergyman ought to, that you'd s-s-s-see 'em d—d first."

Murphies vs. St. Clairs.

A certain gentleman of the Milesian persuasion, who has achieved some little newspaper notoriety in this country, and the initials of whose *last* name, if put together, would spell Murphy, for some reason or other, and much to the disgust of his brother Irishmen, changed his time-honored patronymic to "the more hifalutin" cognomen of St. Clair. Every one knows how it hurts an Irishman's feelings to see a brother Irishman "go back on the ould sod," and you may be sure that he got many a sharp rap over the knuckles, as the saying is, for the change of name. Some time during the war, our hero was stopping at M. House, as was also a dashing young Irish officer of our army. They chanced to be *vis-a-vis*, at table, and Major J., who always goes in for a joke, whether at his own expense or some one else's, thought the opportunity was too good to be lost, so he sings out to the waiter—

"Patrick."

Pat came to him.

"Bring me a St. Clair," said the major in his matter-of-fact way.

"A which, sur?" says Pat.

"A St. Clair, I said; don't you understand the American dialect?"

Pat, sorely bothered, scratched his head, and replied—

"Shure, Ameriky is a quare country, and I never heard such a thing axed for before, sur, at all."

"Well, Patrick," quoth our joker, with the air of one about to impart useful knowledge, "it's a potato I want; we used to call them 'Murphies' at home, but I believe the polite name for them in this country is St. Clair."

The major hit hard this time, at least, for the owner of the "polite" name left the table, amid the unrestrainable roars of the company, who understood and fully appreciated the "joke," and I believe that was his last appearance on that stage.

STRANGE, IF TRUE.—A farmer from the western part of Pennsylvania tells the following hen story. There may be those who will doubt its accuracy, but we don't, for he is a well-known member of the church, and a man of veracity: "I make maple sugar every season, and for that purpose have a small furnace with several kettles. These kettles remain idle and empty during all the year, except the sugar season; and last summer a favorite old hen of ours made her nest in one of them, and furnished us with an egg every day or two. One day when the sugar season first came on, the kettles were full of boiling sugar-water, and the hen came along as usual, and without noticing the fact, flew into the customary kettle and *laid a boiled egg*."

☞ "Jim, why is it that the musician's strains are always heard so much less distinctly when he plays alone, than when in a band?" "Why, I didn't know that it was so. Suppose it must be because he plays *so-lo*."

AT THE MENAGERIE.

SLENDER PARTY.—"I've often wondered how the Hippopotamus could walk!"
STOUT PARTY.—"How those Giraffes can maintain their perpendicular I could never make out!"

CASTLE AND COTTAGE.

There stands a castle by the sea,
With an ancient keep and turrets three,
And in it dwells a lady rare,
Rich and lovely, with golden hair,
By the wild waves plashing wearily.

In it dwells a baron bold,
Gallant and young, with store of gold,
Store of all that man can crave
To cheer his pathway to the grave,
By the wild waves plashing wearily.

The lady bright is kind and good,
The paragon of womanhood;
And her wedded lord is leal and sure,
Beloved alike of rich and poor,
By the wild waves plashing wearily.

There dwells a fisher on the strand,
In a little cot with a rood of land,
With his bonnie wife, and girls and boys,
That climb to his knee with a pleasant noise,
By the wild waves plashing cheerily.

And the lady of the castle sighs
When she meets the fisherwife's gladdening eyes,
And wishes that Heaven, to bless her life,
Had made her mother as well as wife,
By the wild waves plashing cheerily.

The lord of the castle, riding home
O'er the hard sea sand where the breakers foam,
Oft sees the fisher, his labor done,
Sit with his wife in the glint o' the sun,
By the wild waves plashing cheerily.

Sit with his wife, and his boys and girls,
Dandling the youngest with golden curls,
And turns his envious eyes aside,
And well-nigh weeps for all his pride,
By the wild waves plashing wearily.

"I'd give," quoth he, "my rank and state,
My wealth that poor men call so great,
Could I but have that fisherman's joys,
His happy home, and his girls and boys,"
By the wild waves plashing cheerily.

☞ A Western paper thus hits off a popular fashion: "The attention of the police should be directed to Paul A. Loon. He's tight on the streets daily—awful tight."

☞ Be pure, but not stern; have moral excellences, but don't bristle with them.

AGRICULTURAL.

How to Milk Cows.

The first process in the operation of milking, is to make the cow's acquaintance; give her to understand that the milker approaches her with none other than friendly intentions; for if he swears, scolds, or kicks her, she may give the milker the benefit of her heels, which in my opinion he is justly entitled to.

Before commencing to milk the cow, she should be *fed*, or have some kind of fodder; in the enjoyment of mastication of the same, her attention is withdrawn from the milker's operations; and the milk is not "held up," as the saying is, but is yielded freely.

The milker should not set off at a distance like a coward, but his left arm should come in contact with the leg of the cow, so that she cannot kick. Before commencing to milk, the teats are to be washed with cold water in warm weather, and in warm water in the winter.

The best milker is a merciful man. The udder and teats are highly organized and very sensitive, and these facts should be taken into consideration, especially when milking a young cow; the teats are sometimes excessively tender, and the hard tugging and squeezing which many poor sensitive creatures have to endure, at the hands of some thoughtless, hard-fisted man, are really distressing to witness.

A better milker than even a merciful man is a woman. The principle part of the milking in private establishments, in foreign countries, is done by women; and in the United States there are thousands of capable women out of employment who might be advantageously employed, in private dairy establishments, as milkmaids.

An indolent person—slow coach—should never be suffered to touch a cow's teat. The process, to say the least of it, is painful, therefore, the best milker is the one who can abstract the milk in the quickest time.

Finally, milk the cow dry. The last of the milk is the most valuable, yet Mr. Hurry-up cannot find time to attend to this matter, consequently he loses the best of the milk, and actually ruins the cow as a milker.

[The above is from Dr. Dadd, the celebrated Veterinary Surgeon and author.]

Horse-Breaking and Horse-Sense.

A horse's sense is good common sense. Many a man does not know half so much about some things as a horse, and there is a great difference in horses. The horse is not naturally suspicious, but he is timid when young. He learns very soon what his weapons are—teeth and heels—and in what his security lies—flight. His boldness and "the glory of his nostrils" come when "he rejoiceth in his strength." With his age comes the knowledge of his powers, and if he has never been mastered—never made to yield to any will but his own—if he is to be made useful, the struggle must come sooner or later, and man's will or horse will must triumph. We think it best to begin quite young with colts to control them. So advise to halter a colt while it runs with the mare, and to do it after feeding it with carrots and sugar, until it thinks it will get only caressing from mankind, and has no fear of any man. The colt submits easily, because it is the easiest and pleasantest thing he can do, provided he is not frightened, and would as lief be led as to run loose if the curtailment of his freedom is made up by sweets or carrots. The sense of smell in horses is very acute, and if they are suspicious of anything they always approach it cautiously and smell of it. They should be indulged in this, and harness, saddle, etc., should all be investigated by the nose as well as by the eye, before a more intimate acquaintance is forced upon the horse. A horse ring of forty to fifty feet diameter is one of the greatest aids a horse trainer can have. In this a horse too restive and spirited to take a lesson may be tired out, so as to be very docile, and a tired horse is much more susceptible to favors and instruction than one full of *vim*, and fire and play.

Facts in Fruit Culture.

Dr. Trimble, of Newark, New Jersey, who has paid great attention to fruit culture, gives the following as his views—the result of many years experience:

1. That the most successful way to conquer the curculio is to gather the fruit as it falls and feed it to stock or destroy it, as it is by this fallen fruit that the curculio propagates its species.

2. That the fruit of the apple tree can be protected from the apple tree moth by wrapping around each tree two or three times a rope made of straw. The moths will harbor in this rope and can then be destroyed.

3. That the only way to kill the peach tree borer is to cut him out with a knife, not once only in a season, but to follow him up every two weeks until exterminated. After the first "going over" of an orchard this will be little or no trouble, as each tree can be attended to in two minutes.

Moles.

A municipal council in the state of Zurich took it into its head to be very zealous in talpicide, when M. Weber, a naturalist, intervened and imparted to the council the results of many experiments. He carefully examined the stomachs of fifteen moles caught in different localities, and discovered no vestige of roots or plants, but abundant evidence of earth-worms. He shut up several moles in a box with sods of turf, and a smaller case of grubs and earth-worms. In nine days two moles ate 341 white worms, 193 earth-worms, 25 caterpillars, and an entire mouse. He then placed meat cut small with vegetables. The moles ate the former and left the latter; then he gave them vegetables only—in twenty-four hours they were dead of starvation.

Horses—Fast and Farm.

Commenting on the mania for fast horses, the Farmer's Advertiser counsels its farming readers to turn their attention to raising those "that are of some use, large enough and strong enough to do the work of the farm, and fast enough to carry the produce to market or the family to church." This is sensible advice, and seasonable withal, since the clearing up of the country has rendered the use of oxen less common and necessary than was formerly the case. Serviceable horses should be the main consideration with farmers, unless they breed expressly for other than farm purposes. It is not expected that fast horses or fast men will become obsolete very soon, but it should be the aim of the mass of farmers to prevent the strong and useful race of horses from becoming so.

Topping Corn.

While we have no doubt that the corn is injured by this practice, we do not hesitate to recommend it. We lose something in the weight of kernel, but gain in the fodder; and materially in managing the future harvest; it is worth while, perhaps, to go a little more particularly into the matter.

The leaves of plants perform two important functions: evaporation, which principally is effected by the lower surface, and by which the water that has been absorbed by the roots and absorbent vessels is carried off in part, leaving the residue in the form of concentrated juices; and, second, respiration, by which carbonic acid is taken into the circulation of the plant and performs an important part in the conversion of the proper juices, and in preparing and maturing those elements which constitute the nutritious quality of the fruit. This process must of course cease when the parts which perform the office are destroyed. It would seem that such must be the effect produced by topping corn; and though the proper process may still go on by means of the few leaves that are left below the topping, yet it will be feeble and partial, the corn will ripen by evaporation merely; or rather, both the evaporation and the respiration will be diminished, to the consequent injury of the grain, which will have less of the nutritious property, and less weight; will be more liable to ferment, and to lose more in weight by the end of winter. By the process named, the proper secretions of the plant are in ripening rapidly converted into sugar; and so far as the topping checks the respiration, it would also diminish the saccharine quality and render the corn less agreeable to the taste, as well as less nutritious. But after having tried both ways, we incline to the opinion that the loss is less to top it, than to suffer the top to stand, and dry up and realize the inconvenience in harvesting.—*New England Farmer.*

RECEIPTS.

GREEN TOMATOES (very fine).—Take them while quite small and green, and put them into cold clarified syrup, with an orange cut in slices to every two pounds of tomatoes. (In making the syrup, take the weight of the fruit in sugar.) Simmer them gently over a slow fire for two or three hours. Grate the rinds and add the juice of two fresh lemons to every three pounds of preserves, and put in some bruised ginger in bags. If you wish the preserves to be very superior, take the tomatoes from the syrup when they have been over the fire for three-quarters of an hour, and add a quarter of a pound more of sugar for every pound of fruit, and, when boiled and skimmed, drop in the tomatoes and boil till the syrup seems to have penetrated them. In about a week, heat the syrup boiling hot, and pour over them, and seal up immediately. They resemble limes, thus prepared.

WATER MELON RINDS.—Cut in stripe and shapes, and remove the green skin, and boil in water till tender, with a teaspoonful of soda and a dozen peach-leaves to every two quarts of water. Then take out the rinds and soak them in alum water an hour, and afterwards boil gently in strong ginger tea for an hour. Make a syrup of equal weights of the sugar and rinds, and a little water, clarify it, and boil and skim it. Then put in the rinds with some ginger-root tied in a muslin bag, and when hot take them out on dishes to cool, and when cold return to the syrup and cook until soft. Pour the syrup over, and after a few days boil the syrup with the juice of a lemon, or flavor with essence of lemon, and pour over the rinds whilst it is hot. They are then ready to put into jars.

A NEW AND EXCELLENT WAY OF PRESERVING PEACHES.—Pare, halve, and weigh the peaches, put them into a preserving-kettle full of boiling water, and to every six pounds of fruit put a teaspoonful of soda. Let them boil one minute, take them off, and throw them into cold water, and remove any dark scum which may adhere to them. Make the syrup of half a pound of sugar and a gill of water to every pound of fruit. Boil and clarify it, and when well skimmed put in the fruit, and when half done take the peaches from the syrup and lay on dishes so that each piece shall be separate, and let them get entirely cold. Then return to the boiling syrup and cook until done. Boil the syrup until it is rich. This preserve will keep for twelve months.

It is best to warm the jars and put in the preserve hot, but if the jars are of glass, they will break unless heated quite hot before filling them.

POTATO ROLLS.—Mash a pint of Irish potatoes very smoothly, and put in a quarter of a pound of butter whilst they are warm, and a little salt. Add half a teacup of yeast, and half a teacup of milk, with a pint of flour. Make these ingredients into a dough, and set them to rise. In three or four hours they will be ready to make into rolls, and after being set to rise a second time, bake when light in a quick oven or stove.

ROLLS AND BREAD (SUPERIOR).—Sift three quarts of flour. Take two eggs, one teacupful and a half of liquid yeast, two pints of lukewarm water, one tablespoonful of brown sugar, one of salt, and four handsful of flour taken from the measured flour. Beat the eggs very light, and make these ingredients into a smooth batter. After the batter is well beaten, divide the remaining flour into two equal parts, and put one part of the flour into a tin pan or bucket, pour in the batter, and cover the batter with the remainder of the flour. Set it in a moderately warm place, and in an hour and a half, or when light, turn the whole out and work it well. It may require more flour in kneading it. Work it quickly, but not until it is cold, and set it to rise again, rubbing a little lard over the top of the dough. In three or four hours it will be ready to knead over again, and after it has risen a second time, it is ready for baking in a quick oven.

If you wish rolls, work in a spoonful of lard during the last kneading, and mould the dough into small cakes. Do not keep the dough too warm, and it will be more flaky.

If you wish a smaller loaf of bread, use only a pint and a half of water in making up the batter, but do not diminish the other ingredients.

MILK BISCUIT.—Take one pound of flour, one quarter of a pound of butter, eight tablespoonsful of yeast, and one half a pint of new milk. Melt the butter in the milk, put in the yeast and some salt, and work into the stiff paste. When light, knead it well, roll it out an inch thick, cut out with a tumbler, prick them with a fork, and bake in a quick oven. If butter is not abundant, you may take an eighth of a pound of lard, and the other butter.—*Dixie Cookery.*

THE RIDDLER.

Enigma.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 4 letters.
My 1, 2, 2, is controlled ecclesiastically.
My 1, 2, 3, is the most extensive, most powerful, most beautiful object on earth.
My 2, 3, 4, is man's duty, whether successful or not.
My 3, 1, 1, represents a praiseworthy, though much abused individual.
My 4, 2, 3, invigorates but does not intoxicate.
My 1, 3, 4, 2, is to get more than sufficient.
My 2, 3, 1, 2, is not to be bought for money.
My 2, 3, 1, 4, contained anciently the treasures of the world.
My 4, 2, 1, 4, generally makes known the truth.
My 1, 4, 3, 4, 2, is the pet of politicians.
My 4, 3, 1, 4, 2, appreciates beauty.
My 4, 2, 3, 1, 2, is calculated to annoy.
My 3, 1, 1, 2, 1, 1, provokes oftentimes national commotions.
My 3, 4, 4, 2, 1, 4, is to affirm.
My 2, 1, 4, 3, 4, 2, is the most attractive point in a rich man.
My 3, 1, 1, 2, 4, 1, seems indispensable to a corporation.
My 1, 2, 4, 4, 2, 2, often sustains a dying man.
My 4, 3, 1, 1, 2, 1, is part of a knight's armor.
My 4, 2, 1, 4, 3, 4, 2, is a good quality in a man leaving this world.
My 4, 2, 4, 2, 3, 4, 2, 4, 2, is agreeable to two, but always spoiled by a third party.
My whole is an article of furniture.

Narraticon, N. J. L. S. ALLEN.

Alternate Double Acrostic.

When my first t'other day to my second was shown,
Quoth he, "You are surely a little mistaken!
Yet such a mistake I can scarcely bemoan,
For a nice little princess you doubtless will make."

1. "Small by degrees and beautifully less,"
Aptly describes this article of dress.
2. A heroine of Mrs. Beecher Stowe,
Who early left this vale of tears and woe.
3. A place where soldiers stop and rest awhile.
4. A lovely lake in Erin's emerald isle.

ARACHNE.

Problem.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

A miller has a wheel 11 feet in diameter, and is desirous of communicating motion to another wheel 8 feet in diameter, by means of a strap 60 feet long. What must be the distance between the centres of the two wheels?

Baltimore, Md. MELVILLE.

☞ An answer is requested.

Astronomical Problem.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

There will be a transit of Venus, December the 8th, 1874. On what day of the week will it happen? W. H. MORROW.

☞ An answer is requested.

Mathematical Problem.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

A clock which indicates true time at the equator gains 13 seconds a day when carried northward to a certain city. Required, the latitude of the city, supposing the earth to be an oblate spheroid of revolution, whose equatorial diameter is 7,925 miles and polar diameter 7,899 miles. ARTEMAS MARTIN.

Franklin, Venango Co., Pa.

☞ An answer is requested.

Conundrums.

☞ Why is oak the worst wood of which to make a wooden leg? Ans.—Because it produces a-corn.

☞ How did Noah preserve honey bees during the flood? Ans.—In the ark-hives of the old world, of course.

☞ Why will the monsters of the deep be better posted than the cable operators? Ans.—Because they hear the news before it reaches either side.

☞ Who was the biggest liar in sacred history? Ans.—Go Hah.

Answers to Last.

ENIGMA—The Albany and Susquehanna Railroad. ENIGMA—A smile.

Answer to A. Martin's PROBLEM, June 29th—A should have $14.28, B $6.35, and C $1.19. A. Martin. A $10.582, B $7.054, and C $4.233. J. S. Perkins.

Excessive Fatigue.

A New Orleans paper has the following:—A few days ago an incident occurred in one of the cars upon the Dauphin and Rampart street line, which, in spite of the brusqueness of the repartee it called forth, was so refreshingly amusing that no one could refrain from indulging in the merriment which it occasioned. The car in question was one of the larger kind, with a flaming notice posted over the doorway containing the announcement that there was accommodation for eighteen passengers. With duplex elliptical skirts, the dresses of seven ladies spread out their ample folds in lively patterns upon either side, and, although quite a number of gentlemen entered the car below Esplanade street, not a movement was made to contract by barege, organdie, or lawn, the fourteen ladies very quietly appropriating the entire seats, while the gentlemen stood up and held on as well as circumstances would allow. Just before reaching Canal street, one of the ladies, tapping one of the gentlemen upon the arm with her ivory-handled parasol, requested him to pull the bell for the next corner. Holding on to the strap with both hands, and affecting the very quintessence of languor, the person addressed replied: "You must excuse me, madam, for I am really too excessively fatigued with standing to make the effort." There was a sudden movement on the part of one of the liveliest patterns of barege, and a tiny hand went up like lightning to the bell rope, and with a flounce and a toss of her beautiful head, and while the faces of all were wreathed in inexpressible smiles, the lady stepped briskly out of the car and disappeared around the corner.

☞ We love those who admire us more than those whom we admire.